Vol 11

New Movie

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P-1

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. . . . enjoy a fresh stick of **DOUBLE MINT GUM.** It immediately brings new life into tired eyes and starts up the circulation in your face. Good circulation is the very basis upon which real beauty is built. Buy a package of **DOUBLE MINT.** You'll like it.

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A Dancing Darling (UNTIL SHE SMILES)

41



WHAT a heart-warming thing a lovely, swift little smile can be! And what a crusher of illusions it so often is.

It is true that a great many men and women are, unfortunately, *afraid* to smile. Neglect of the teeth, neglect of the gums, neglect of that dental warning "pink tooth brush" have led to their own unsightly results.

No one is immune from "pink tooth brush." Any dentist will tell you that our soft, modern foods and our modern habits of hurried eating and hasty brushing rob our gums of the work and stimulation they need for perfect health. Naturally, they grow sensitive and tender—and, sooner or later, that telltale "tinge of pink" appears.

DON'T NEGLECT "PINK TOOTH BRUSH"

And, neglected, that "tinge of pink" is often the preliminary to serious gum troubles, to gingivitis, Vincent's disease—even pyorrhea.

Do the sensible thing—follow the advice of dental science. Get a tube of Ipana today. Brush your teeth regularly. But—care for your gums with Ipana, too. Each time you brush your teeth, massage a little extra Ipana into your lazy, tender gums. The ziratol in Ipana with massage helps speed circulation, aids in toning the gums and in bringing back healthy firmness.

Your teeth will be whiter with Ipana. Your gums will be healthier. And your smile *will* be the magic thing it should be!

WHY WAIT FOR THE TRIAL TUBE?

Use the coupon below, if you like, to bring you a trial tube of Ipana. But a trial tube can be, at best, only an introduction. Why not begin, today, to get the full benefit of the Ipana treatment in a full-size tube? Buy it now—and get a full month of scientific dental care . . . 100 brushings . . . and a quick start toward firmer gums and brighter teeth.

• • •

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new movie

VOL. XI No. 1 • • • JANUARY 1935

CATHERINE McNELIS, *Publisher*

Frank J. McNelis, Managing Editor : Bert Adler, Eastern Editor : Mary Marshall, Director of Home Service; John C. Mitchell, Western Editor • Hugh Ryan, Art Director : Verne Noll, Associate Art Director.

A GLIMPSE AT THE EDITOR'S NOTE-BOOK

NEW MOVIE greets you today in its new dress.

As in the past, NEW MOVIE is today, the outstanding publication in the movie field. All the glamour, honest reporting of the Hollywood scene, human interest stories of the stars and the various departments, that have made this your favorite magazine, are in this new size, made even more interesting and readable.

You will read your favorite authors—Elsie Janis, whose interviews with the stars sparkle with all the wit and good humor that have made her an international figure; Herb Howe, our gallant Boulevardier, who skips lightly from Hollywood to New York, to Paris and London, reporting his findings all along the way; Edwin C. Hill, noted commentator on the air and in the newsreels of your own theaters; the mysterious Nemo, who conducts our Hollywood gossip pages, and whose identity even the stars he writes about are unable to discover; Barbara Barry, whose vivid comments on the new films in the making, give you inside information about the studio lives of the stars that no other publication offers.

These, and many others greet you each month from these pages.

We are continually striving to give you the finest pictures of the stars that our Hollywood scouts can obtain; the best stories of the stars and what they do, written by the best authors obtainable. What we have done in the past, we are going to do even better in the future.

NEXT month, for instance, you will read the exciting story about Ginger Rogers, as only Elsie Janis can tell it. When the editors of this magazine asked Elsie to write about the vivacious red-headed star, she wired back "But I can't see her—she's too busy and I never can catch up with her." To make a long story short, Ginger slipped off to New York for a five-day vacation between pictures, and Elsie, too, decided to return here for a brief visit. And you know what happened—Elsie caught up with Ginger—Ginger spoke freely—and NEW MOVIE has another sparkling and informative story about one of the screen's most interesting and most rapidly ascending stars.

Everybody came to New York this month—including our Boulevardier, Herb Howe, who suddenly decided that he needed a breath of the Metropolis at this time. Then he steps off to view the boulevards of London, Paris and Rome. So Herb will write his inimitable feature for the February issue from the sidewalks of New York.

Douglas Gilbert, who is becoming well known to our vast array of readers in this, his third article, for NEW MOVIE, will entertain with another of his delightfully analytical studies. This month, Mr. Gilbert asked Sinclair Lewis which of the Hollywood stars was his favorite. His choice was Katharine Hepburn and Mr. Gilbert's analysis of this selection will be found on page 28.

For the February issue, Mr. Gilbert asked the same question of George Jean Nathan, one of the country's most noted dramatic critics. Mr. Nathan's answer will surprise you.

IN February, too, you will find NEW MOVIE'S own unique feature, the forecast for the coming year. In this, Ramon Romero, who is rapidly becoming one of Hollywood's finest writing personages, explains the various changes that have taken place in the ratings of the stars during the year and predicts what will happen to them in future months.

Ralph Bellamy, famous in his own right as an actor, turns writer for the time and tells us about his pal Fredric March. And there is a great story by Charles Darnton, revealing a little known side of Ann Harding. Jack Jamison, who wrote the sparkling "Pretty Men, What Now?" several months ago, returns with another top-notch yarn, "Why I Should Hate to Be a Movie Star."

Then too, you will see glamorous portaits of the movie folk, specially posed for NEW MOVIE audiences, fashion hints from the stars, music reviews, beauty suggestions from Claire Trevor, pictures, gossip by the mysterious Nemo, reviews of the new films, and a poem by Berton Braley.

We are sure you will be pleased.

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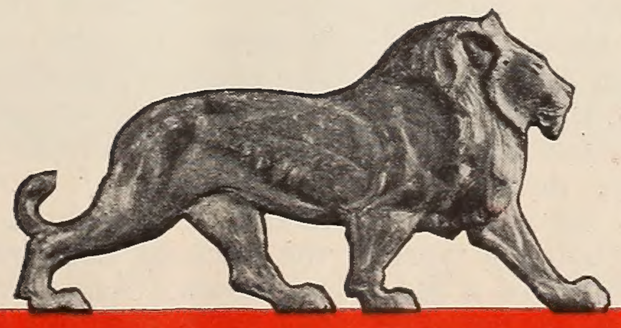
NEW ISSUE ON SALE THE FIRST OF EVERY MONTH

DAVID COPPERFIELD



ONE OF THE GREAT!

You have heard so much about it. The world's eagerness to see this beloved Charles Dickens novel on the screen will be amply repaid. The two years of waiting are at an end. Never before has any motion picture company undertaken the gigantic task of bringing an adored book to life with such thrilling realism. 65 great screen personalities are in this pageant of humanity, adapted to the screen by the famed Hugh Walpole. The original scenes, the vivid characters, the imperishable story . . . they live again!



METRO-Goldwyn-MAYER

Directed by GEORGE CUKOR
Produced by DAVID O. SELZNICK

That Mad SHEARER!

That's what Norma — who saves her dignity for the screen — is to her friends

By
MAUDE LATHEM



Hurrell

Norma's "The Barretts of Wimpole Street" established an all-time record at the Capitol Theater in New York. Much of her success is due to the guiding genius of her husband, Irving Thalberg.

IF Norma only knew it, she could have her present servants for half she is paying them, for nothing ever would entice them to leave her. The excitement of facing each day, never knowing what will happen, keeps them in a state of delighted animation.

When Norma is going out in the evening, she may tell her maid she will wear her yellow taffeta gown, to have it pressed and all accessories ready. While Norma slips on the yellow dress, the maid is already on her way to the closet for the white satin. Before Norma gets into the white satin, which she surely will, the maid is racking her mind to think just what shoes Norma will wear with the blue chiffon as that will likely be tried on, too, before the final decision is made.

At the time the Thalbergs decided to build their present, beautiful home at the beach, both Norma and Mr. Thalberg were very busy—she right in the midst of a picture, and he burdened with many productions. As a result, they thought least of all about the house. The architect was told the general plan, how many bedrooms, baths and closets, with a few other details, but many items were omitted. So, when Norma first entered the house, she discovered she had a beautiful bedroom . . . but all doors and no windows. At least it looked so to her, as the French windows extended all the way to the floor and seemed just like doors. So she set about tearing the windows out and placing doors where there were windows and vice versa. "I felt just like a goldfish in a glass bowl," she said.

But what she did in the house is nothing to what she does in the yard. A flower garden at the beach is a problem at any time, but Norma must have her flowers. The yard is not large, but always beautiful . . . a lovely well-kept lawn, surrounded on all sides by bright flowers. Occasionally Mr. Thalberg stumbles over something at night when he comes across the lawn. He picks himself up with a smile, for well he knows that Norma has changed the flower beds again. Just as soon as the sun or ocean winds blight the flowers, the gardener removes the entire bed and immediately transplants full-grown blooming plants of another kind.

"Those flowers are almost as necessary to me as food," she says. "As a matter of fact, I never think of food and sometimes go an entire day without realizing that I have missed a meal until I get a weak feeling in the pit of my stomach. On the other hand, every time they bring me food on the set, I eat it. I don't seem able to resist the dainty little sandwiches."

Speaking of food reminds me of a party that Norma recently gave for Helen Hayes. As you perhaps know, Helen is one of Norma's very dearest friends. So when Helen came to the Coast, after such a successful engagement on Broadway, Norma wanted to entertain for her. First she planned to have a small dinner party—perhaps twelve. Then they could eat in the dining-room. After thinking more about it, she decided it was too bad to cheat Helen's many other friends out of seeing her, so Norma decided to have a large party.

This meant having the dinner on the big porch. It is all enclosed with beautiful, heavy awnings so you would hardly be aware that you were not indoors except for the colorful porch furniture. But Norma thought it might begin to get cold later in the evening, so she said "I will have to build a fireplace on the porch today." And a fireplace she had! The architect was called out and, *inside of twenty-four hours,* a huge fireplace was built, right on the porch, at the back of the chimney already in her living-room. And it was painted white so that the brick matched in with the balance of the chimney and guests had to look twice to discover what it was that made the place look so different from (*Please turn to page* 52)

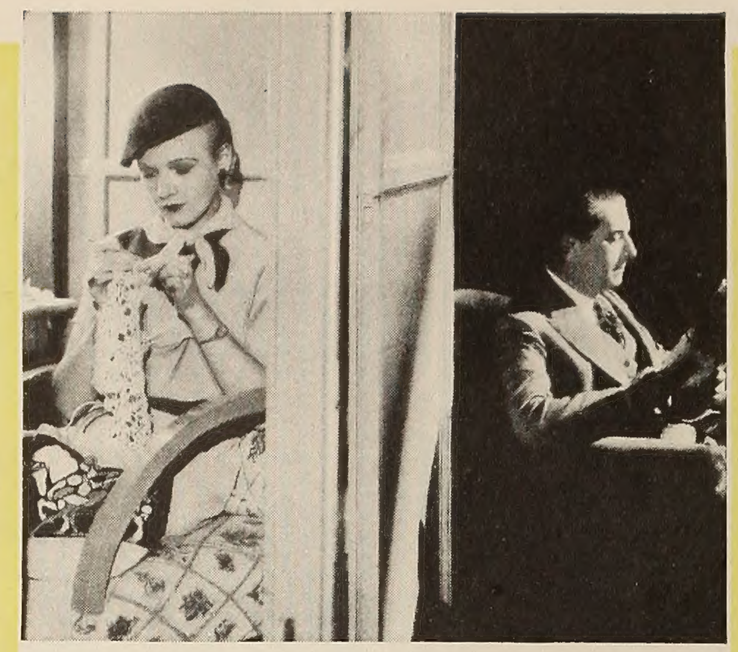


Hurrell

GENE RAYMOND

Some people wonder why Gene Raymond is so often cast as a wealthy young son of a socialite family. One reason is that that's just what he is. His real name is Raymond Guion. His next picture will be "Behold My Wife," in which he will co-star with the charming Sylvia Sidney.

HOLLYWOOD
DAY BY DAY



We hope Edward Everett Horton won't take it personally if we call this a freak picture. On the "Bachelor Girl" set, he is reflected in Ann Harding's door-mirror.

reported by NEMO

IMAGINE coming down to our daily toil with shirt sleeves rolled up, no tie, and one busted gallus, only to find the NEMO Nook all dressed up in futuristic furbelows and chromium plate.

Eventually, we got our breath and settled down to tell you all about it, but that dangling suspender made us class conscious. For two hours we struggled with the old inferiority complex until at last, bruised and bleeding, we galloped home on our one-lunged motorcycle, washed our neck, captured our other cuff link from under the bureau, donned a three-year-old "Prince of Wales" model and returned to the fold, determined to conduct ourselves in a manner to which we've got to become accustomed!



But no foolin' . . . isn't this something? If we can just learn to handle a fork without scratching ourself to death, it'll be some fun!

• •

Paul Ames invited half a dozen pals out to his house for a spaghetti feed, the other day.

It was a colossal meal and, as we were all too overstuffed and it was a bit coolish to do anything about the bathing situation, we lolled around the living-room, coaxing the lovely June Knight to sing for us.

Poor June, who hadn't been long out of the hospital, rested on a chaise longue with an electric pad on her tummy and Casanova NEMO sitting as close as he dared, on account of Paul being pretty husky and that "certain look" in his eye, and all.

Finally, in spite of not feeling well, June tossed the pad aside and obligingly rose to the occasion.

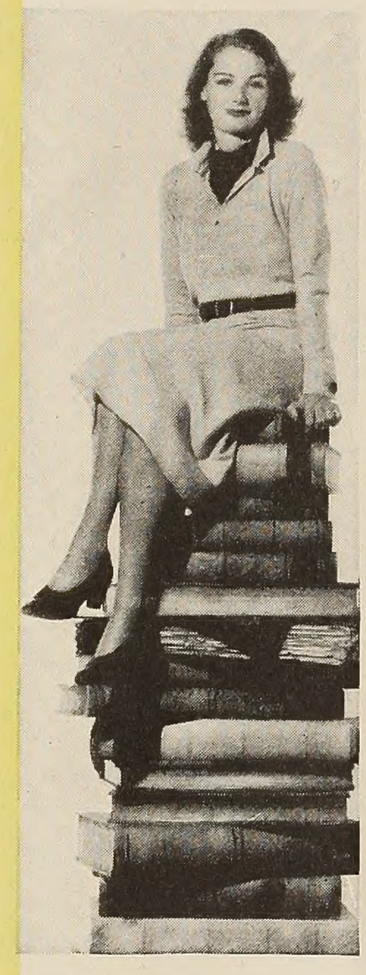
Right in the middle of a beautiful song, NEMO began to feel uncomfortably warm, and not *around the collar! As the song continued, it began to get downright embarrassing, but, always the gentleman, we struggled to maintain a respectful attitude while the temperature mounted higher . . . and higher!*

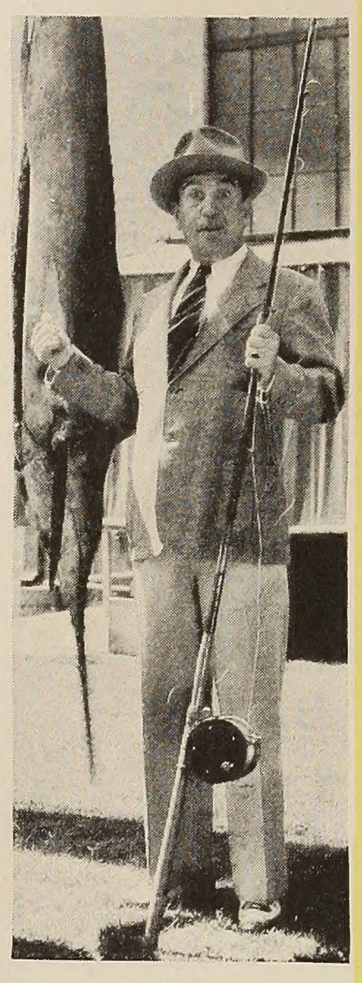
Finishing the song on a perfect high C, June returned to the chaise longue, looked around perplexedly for a moment and then . . . pulled the electric pad from under our coat tails! And were we *embarrassed?*



• •

It doesn't seem possible, but Paul Lukas admits that, every so often, when the yen sneaks up on him, he climbs in his plane and flies up to San Francisco for a nice, steaming-hot bowl of his favorite soup!





The publicity boys would have us believe eight tons of books were read at M-G-M to make sure of the costumes and customs in "David Copperfield." Elizabeth Allan is holding them down. And at the right: Hugh Herbert has been swordfishing.



Bette Davis rests between scenes of "Bordertown," the new Paul Muni picture in which Paul plays the part of a social climber and Bette plays opposite him.

• •

While in London last year, Joan Bennett purchased a finely pedigreed Pekingese, but couldn't bring it along home with her because the snooty young canine was too young to leave its momma.



Some time ago, Joan received word that her animated purchase was en route to Hollywood. Imagine her surprise when, upon opening the crate, she discovered that the Peke had Doubled and Redoubled on the way over . . . and now, she has the original package and two baby Pekes who are also too young to leave their mother!

• •

With the advent of her grandson's new baby girl, May Robson received laurels for being the only great-grandmother in pictures.

The child was christened May Robson Gore, in honor of her illustrious ancestress, and, while May intends to be broad-minded about it, still it won't make her a bit mad if the child grows up with a yen for the stage.

• •

The Hollywood Bowl has been dragging out a lot of "born-to-the-purple" celebrities these days.

Even Garbo, who just doesn't go any *place, donned a black wig and eased herself into one of the more secluded boxes to view a Shakespeare presentation the other night!*

'Long about half past, one of the eagle-eyed photographers blinked, pinched himself, and . . . the rush was on!

Climbing over the box railing, Garbo dived into the crowd, losing breath, aplomb, and her lady companion in the grand dash for freedom.

In the excitement, she ran the wrong way and, by the time her chauffeur caught up with her, the gal was galumphing down the pike, headed for Tia Juana!



• •

The dogs are certainly having their day around here! Ken Maynard's plug-ugly bull pup sits patiently by while his master makes up for work. When Ken has finished, the dog con-



Give Hollywood one baby star and it makes ten. Baby Mary Jane is in "Imitation of Life" and "I've Been Around," with Chester Morris.



Helen Hayes visits Myrna Loy, William Powell and Director William K. Howard, who are busily at work on the "Evelyn Prentice" set.



Mr. Gary Evan Crosby, fifteen months, announces that his father, known to others as "Bing," is singing in "Here Is My Heart."

Pictures in the Making—Gossip—Doings of the Stars—News From All the Sets

tinues to sit before the mirror, absolutely refusing to budge an inch until its own nose has been powdered . . . and well *powdered!*

• •

They were shooting a mystery scene at RKO. Thunder crashed. Lightning flashed. A black cat slunk across the set, pausing to yowl eerily.

And, on the sidelines, completely surrounded by all manner of spookiness, John Davidson calmly smokes his pipe and reads . . . of all things! . . . Shakespeare!

The wind machine is turned on, rain hammers futilely against the windows, it would seem that the very heavens had broken loose. . . .



But John reads on . . . and on. At peace with the world and Shakespeare!

• •

Over at RKO, Mary Carlisle was working like mad to get a baby blanket finished in time for the Frank Albertsons' new addition to the family.

Overhearing an interested observer that she had "dropped a stitch," young Spanky MacFarland got down on all fours and thoroughly scoured every inch of the stage around Mary's chair, coming up half an hour later to report that she musta dropped it in her lap, 'cause *he* couldn't find it!

When Barnum & Bailey's circus came to town, all Hollywood turned out to pretend they were kids again.

Ivan Lebedeff hung his cane on his arm and munched peanuts, doing pretty well by himself until the show started and five or six acts got under way, all at once. Then it got too much for him, and, stowing his monocle, the sartorially perfect gent reached in a pocket and donned a pair of regulation "cheaters," so's not to miss anything!

• •

Mae Wests may come and go, but Mary Brian has a spot in old NEMO'S heart forever!

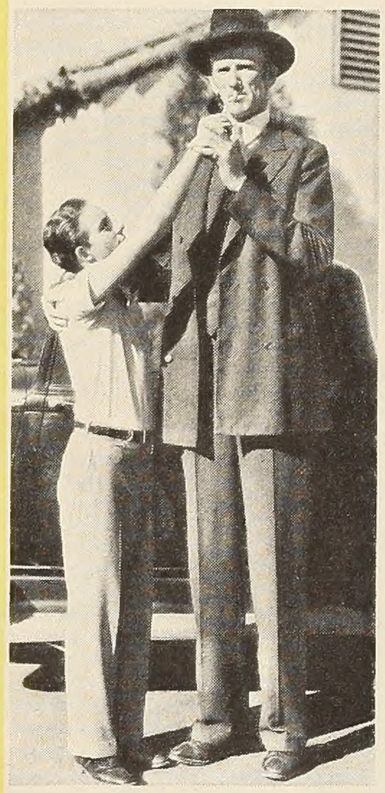
Mary has one room in her home that is dedicated exclusively to old romance. In this room, Mary keeps cherished mementoes of past "dates" . . . empty candy boxes, stacked to the ceiling in one corner; old dance programs, hung along the wall; long-

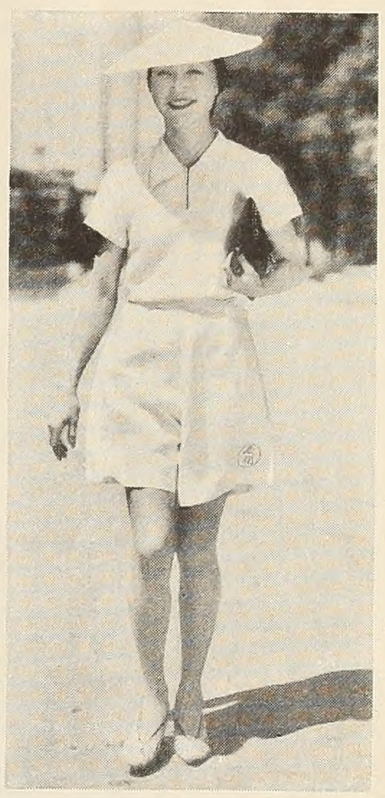
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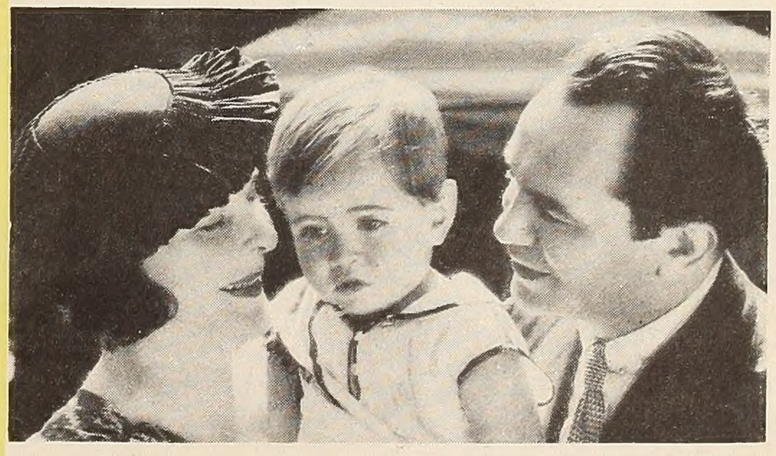


Paramount eagerly awaits your reaction to Joe Penner in "College Rhythm." With him here is the amusing, golden-haired Lyda Roberti.





Above, left: Tex Madsen, the world's tallest man, is the famed Cardiff Giant in Wally Beery's "The Mighty Barnum." Above, right: Anna May Wong is back to the American screen in "Limehouse Nights."



Mr. and Mrs. Edward G. Robinson nicknamed their seventeen-months-old son "Manny." His real name, of course, is Edward G., Junior.

The GIBSON FAMILY



Sally Gibson, 22 years ago when she had been using IVORY SOAP for 11 months

WHO CAN BLAME JACK HAMILTON for adoring lovely Sally Gibson?

Sally's complexion *is* rave-worthy. It's been treated to pure Ivory Soap—and nothing else but—ever since she frolicked around in shirt-and-booties.

Sally pooh-poohs thrilling soap advertisements that talk of wonderful ingredients and beauty oils.

Time and again Doctor MacRae has told her, "Soaps can't feed your skin with magic oils or ingredients. The smoothness and fine texture of your skin depend largely upon thorough, gentle cleansing. Use IVORY, it's the best soap for sensitive skins."

IVORY SOAP, pure enough for a baby's skin, will keep your complexion smooth and fine-pored, too.



SALLY GIBSON TODAY. Her skin can stand a "close-up" because it still has that smooth "Ivory-baby" look. You too, can win that baby-clear, baby-smooth complexion with

IVORY SOAP • • • 99 44/100 % PURE



"AH SAYS TO MAHSELF," says Theophilus ("Awful" for short). "Ah says—Mr. Gibson, he madder dan a wet rooster if he have to use dat smelly soap of Mr. Bobby's—so ah brung some Ivory up."

"O.K., 'Awful'," grins Mr. Gibson. "Give me one cake of that Ivory—save the rest and I'll have good clean-smelling baths for months."

PURE ODORLESS IVORY BATHS SOOTHE THE NERVES



"C'MON, BOBBY GIBSON, help me out!" puffs the girl friend. "Has this sweater shrunk!"

"Tut, tut," reproves Bobby. "Come 'round sometime, Dot, and let sister Sally show you how bright little girls wash their sweaters in cool Ivory suds. That keeps 'em right." Bobby's right, too—

FINE STORES SAY, "PURE IVORY FLAKES FOR WOOLENS"

Clarence Sinclair Bull

NEW MOVIE MAGAZINE'S

GALLERY OF STARS

•

News you have been waiting for! Rumors that Garbo is returning to Sweden are untrue. With the release of "Painted Veil," our lady of glamour is signing a new, long-term contract and starting another picture.



Clarence Sinclair Bull



ANN HARDING

Always lovely, always serene, Ann Harding brings the peculiarly feminine charm that is her own to "Biography of a Bachelor Girl." With her are Robert Montgomery, Una Merkel and Edward Everett Horton, whose presence spells sheer fun.



GARY COOPER

The lives of a Bengal Lancer, Gary Cooper makes us believe in the picture by that name, are given to romance and adventure under sultry skies. Insert: A glimpse of the company working on location.

William Walling Jr.



Tunbridge, London



LESLIE HOWARD

At the risk of scaring you out of a year's growth, we print this because it is one of the most striking examples of modern make-up technique. Disguised as an old hag, in "The Scarlet Pimpernel," Mr. Howard bears but little resemblance to the debonair young diplomat of "British Agent," right.





MARGARET SULLAVAN

A character pose that is considerably less of a shock to the nerves than that on the facing page. Margaret Sullavan takes the lead in the screen version of Ferenc Molnar's stage play, "The Good Fairy."

Roy D. MacLean



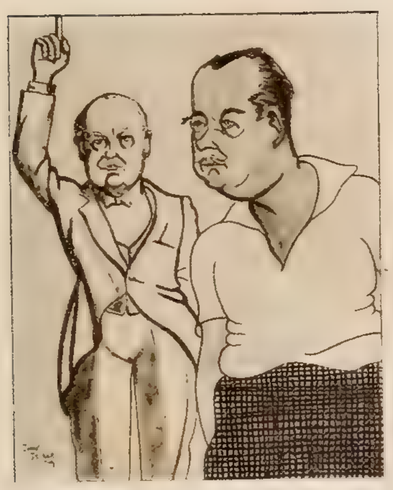
Alan Mowbray



Florine McKinney

NIGHT LIFE OF THE GODS

Amusing, whimsical and utterly different is this mad film about statues that come to life with perfectly ridiculous consequences. Here you see the players as themselves, and their marble doubles. The caricatures are by John Decker



Phillips Smalley



Richard Carle



Lowell Sherman (Director)



Maida Deering



Wesley Barry



Henry Armetta



The picture in the making. Florine McKinney, her stone drapery turned into a too-scanty skirt, wins the approving glance of Director Lowell Sherman, seated. The smiles of Alan Mowbray and Peggy Shannon, supporting players, are proof of the fun everybody had making this.



Alan Mowbray



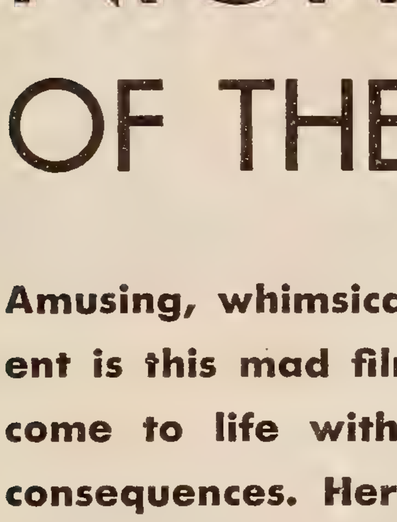
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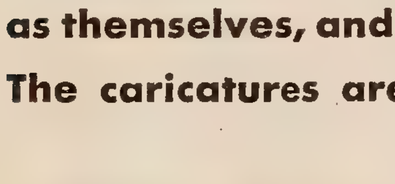
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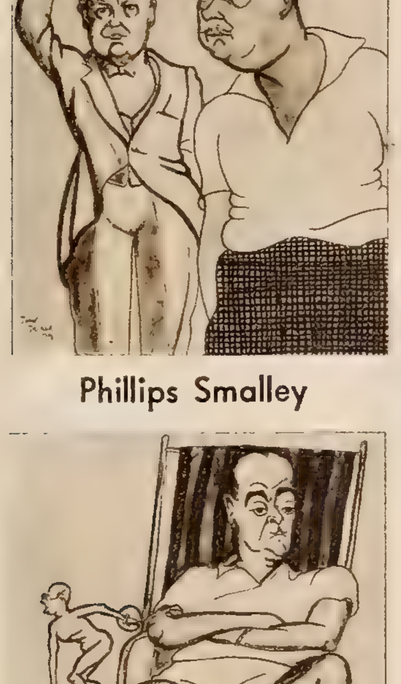
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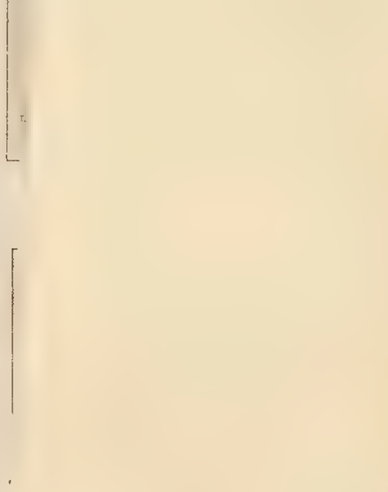
Phillips Smalley



Lowell Sherman (Director)



Wesley Barry



Henry Armetta





Alan Mowbray



Florine McKinney

NIGHT LIFE OF THE GODS

Amusing, whimsical and utterly different is this mad film about statues that come to life with perfectly ridiculous consequences. Here you see the players as themselves, and their marble doubles. The caricatures are by John Decker



Phillips Smalley



Richard Carle



Lowell Sherman (Director)



Maida Deering



Wesley Barry



Henry Armetta

The picture in the making. Florine McKinney, her stone drapery turned into a too-scanty skirt, wins the approving glance of Director Lowell Sherman, seated. The smiles of Alan Mowbray and Peggy Shannon, supporting players, are proof of the fun everybody had making this.

WALLACE BEERY

No matter how many laurels they wind around Wally's manly brow, they still can't give him all the praise he deserves. When better pictures are made he'll make them. Hot on the heels of the smash, "Viva Villa", he is giving us "The Mighty Barnum," a pictorial history of the famous showman.



Kenneth Alexander





Elmer Fryer



DOLORES DEL RIO

Dolores Del Rio steps from "Madame Du Barry"—there's a scene from it over at the left—into another tempo entirely. "In Caliente," laid in the famous gambling casino across the Mexican border from California, is especially designed to grant opportunities for her personality, a mixture of fire and ice.

THE MOST EXCITING STREET ON EARTH

Any street where human hearts are kicked around like footballs is bound to be wicked—but the glitter and dazzle of Hollywood Boulevard make us forget that, says GEORGE F. WORTS, author of novels and many scenarios



WHEN I first saw Hollywood Boulevard, it was a leisurely, beautiful street, lined with pepper trees and graced by ranches. Twenty years ago it wasn't the backyard of hell and heaven. It was neither clamorous nor glamorous, though it wasn't—it never was—a hick town street.

But whatever it was has been forgotten, wiped from the memory, steam-rollered by the glitter and dazzle, the clack and clatter of what it has become.

It still starts in a weary meadow, but it now ends in a tangle of hopeless hills and canyons.

It must be fully six miles long, but most of it is stupid city street, or risky mountain road, or avenue of smugly respectable homes. Less than a dozen blocks of Hollywood Boulevard comprise the Hollywood Boulevard that has taken its place among the exciting thoroughfares of the world—Broadway, Piccadilly Circus, the Champs Elysees. Or name your own.

The Hollywood Boulevard of celebrity—those less-than-a-dozen short blocks—is a sprightly metropolitan avenue on which satyrs prowl and strolling nymphs cause automobile drivers to ensnarl bumpers and sideswipe fenders.

The satyrs wear—at the moment—sophisticated and calculating airs, sweaters, fancy scarfs about their collarless throats, no hats, and knife-edged trousers of pleasing hues, in the Clark Gable, or perhaps it is the Gary Cooper mode. These are Hollywood's boulevardiers. And the nymphs, mostly blondes, wear anything at all from bright and scanty shorts and brassieres to full battle regalia.

No glimpse of Hollywood Boulevard would be complete without a consideration of that amazing hybrid, the Hollywood blonde, who imitates so loyally the blond star of the moment.

In my brief sojourn, I have seen the Hollywood Boulevard blonde run the gamut from Greta Garbo to Jean Harlow to Mae West, always with a sprinkling of Connie Bennetts and Ann Hardings.

Generally she has approximately a million dollars' worth of what the birds and the bee-zes sing about.

The Hollywood blonde is really an amazing and singular young person. The fact is, she actually exists. There is, in Hollywood, a blonde that you see nowhere else. She has become as famous as her city. God knows what she is or what she does. She is an extra girl—perhaps. But Hollywood Boulevard, from early morning until late at night, is thronged with her. Only once in a while do I see a redhead. She went out with Clara Bow. But as long as there are Greta Garbos, Jean Harlows and Mae Wests, the Hollywood blonde will remain a blonde—and Hollywood.

In a ten-minute walk, I will see one Mae West blonde per block—the large black hat, the high voluptuous bosom.

But Hollywood Boulevard is not to be dismissed with a sneer, a jeer, or a leer.

There are more sides to Hollywood Boulevard than there are facets on the Kohinoor. By day, the Boulevard is a hustling, bustling, crowding, clanking, honking boulevard of shoppers, strollers, flower-peddlers, ladies on the make, newsboys, ice wagons, fifteen-thousand-dollar limousines, street cars, movie cowboys, real cowboys and ranchers, bums, moochers, movie magnates, movie stars, young folks looking for adventure, old folks looking for the fountain of youth, Iowans looking for other Iowans, beauty parlor blondes, more blondes, roadsters and touring cars bristling with tennis-rackets or golf sticks, actors out of work, directors out of work, writers looking for atmosphere or inspiration or a free meal or a drink, and girls with stories in their faces. There are so many of these girls, and you wonder about the stories!

I have been in this enchanted market-place only a few months on this visit—just long enough to gather a few lasting impressions which are neither scallions to my soul nor orchids in my garden of memory.

I find it easy to give Hollywood Boulevard a California superlative—it is the most exciting street on earth!

Someone once called it Wicked Boulevard. The name hasn't stuck, but it fits. It is wicked. Any street down which human hearts are kicked like footballs is bound to be wicked. Any street which inspires false hopes, any street which sees the corruption of ideals, any street on which the suicide of tonight goes strolling today is wicked.

I am not moralizing. I am merely digging around in my mind for the facts about Hollywood Boulevard.

We go to a mountain high above the Boule-



Shoppers, strollers, flower-peddlers, newsboys, ice-wagons, limousines, street cars, movie cowboys, real cowboys, moochers, magnates, movie stars, bums, Iowans looking for other Iowans, beauty parlor blondes, more blondes, roadsters, touring cars—Hollywood Boulevard on parade!

DRAWINGS BY
KEN CHAMBERLAIN

vard on a clear night. We gaze down to where we know the Boulevard should be—and what we see is fabulous: a rope of sparkling diamonds, of glowing rubies and flashing emeralds and sapphires, though the predominant gems are the ruby and the diamond. At dawn, from this same exalted eminence, we look again—and see a sewer-like glimpse of rolling smudge!

That's Hollywood Boulevard. That's what, in Hollywood, they call *the* Boulevard. There are many boulevards in Hollywood, but when people say *the* Boulevard, they mean only that one.

You have, of course, heard Ravel's "La Valse." I am sure Ravel never saw Hollywood. But he has, in "La Valse," caught the spirit of the city, of the Boulevard—its slow, almost furtive awakening, the gradual increase of activities, of intensity—the raucous, splendid, jarring dissonances. And that's Hollywood Boulevard—*the* Boulevard set to waltz time.

It is night. Grauman's Chinese Theatre is putting on a World Premiere. The big shots will all be there. In fact, they're beginning to arrive. Searchlights on humming power-trucks sweep the skies and make you think of air raids. The sidewalks are packed with fans who have been waiting there since noon to gape at the celebs.

A regiment of cops is on hand to hold the mob back and let the luminaries through. Perhaps Wallace Beery is at the mike, introducing the big shots to the worshipful mob. Cheers go up as favorites arrive. In all your life you never saw such beautiful women, such beautifully-gowned women, or such handsome men.

Sex appeal on parade!

Here comes a handsome, dashing fellow in silk topper and long tails. The charming creature with him is his wife. He is a well-known actor—a free-lance who is paid $1,000 a week when he works. But he is improvident. He gambles. Out of work for a week, he is dead broke. Tonight sees him a month away from his last pay check. The gas company has turned off the gas in his house. The electric company has turned off the electricity. The water company, true to its word, will turn off the water tomorrow. Neither he nor his wife has eaten since yesterday morning. But here they come, suave and resplendent. Being so well known, he has passes to the opening. He pauses to sign a few signatures for the autograph hounds. He looks pale and interesting. How pale and interesting he looks!

Here comes a beautiful girl. Who is she? She is not quite known—not yet. She steps from a limousine. A handsome unknown escorts her. Who is she? Nobody knows or really cares.

But she cares! As the important arrivals go up the red carpet runner, the announcer calls them to the mike to say hello to the crowd. Will she be asked? Poised, utterly lovely—will she be asked? Will the announcer recognize her? It is a terrific moment for that ambitious young lady.

She starts up the red runner toward the theater entrance. She appears elaborately unconcerned. Her little heart is trip hammering. Cupped in her palm is the card containing the little speech she will give—if only the announcer will recognize her!

His alert eyes glance at her, glance away. She is almost at the entrance when he shouts, "Ah, there, Miss So-and-So! Won't you say hello to the crowd?"

Miss So-and-So falters. It equals any acting she does before the camera. She hesitates and charmingly accedes to his request. She goes to the mike, stands prettily in the glaring floodlight and secretly reads the pretty little speech from the palm of her hand.

"I really hadn't expected to say anything. All I will say is—hello, hello everybody!"

Prettily done. Applause. Who is she, anyway? Her name is murmured. She has neatly acquired a thousand dollars' worth of free publicity.

But perhaps that isn't very exciting. Very well. Here's some excitement—and a note of mystery. Broad daylight again. High noon on Wicked Boulevard. A sixteen-cylinder Cadillac comes rioting down the middle of the street. It is preceded by an escort of six motorcycle policemen. In the back seat, grinning, is James Cagney, the lad who treats 'em rough and makes 'em like it, who pushes the halves of grapefruit and cantaloupe into their faces—and makes 'em sputter for more!

A lovely lady sits on either side of Mr. Cagney. The sirens shriek. The cavalcade passes. I see no camera truck. I am curious.

My companion explains. "Oh, they always give Cagney that motorcycle escort. It's to keep him out of trouble. He's such a hell-raiser."

I doubted it. I still doubt it. A director to whom I mentioned the incident snorted. "Applesauce! No star, good or troublesome, rates such an escort."

"What's the answer?"

"Hidden cameras!"

You can't be here any length of time without forming an opinion. People ask for your opinion. They demand your opinion. What do you think about Hollywood? Few people really have opinions about anything. They are too prejudiced. Some people come to Hollywood thinking it is the most glorious place in the world. If they get the breaks, they keep on thinking so. Most of the people—the professional people—who leave Hollywood have another opinion, or they wouldn't be leaving. Hell hath no fury like the professional scorned.

I can speak with authority of the writing gentlemen who are lured out here by short but fat contracts. One, who is typical, wrote a good book, a somewhat highbrow novel. Up to that time, he never made more than $3,000 a year in his life. His novel wasn't a best seller, but it caused talk, and it probably earned him $2,000 in royalties. He came to Hollywood, riding high, on a three-months' contract at $1,000 a week. Add it up on your fingers (*Please turn to page* 60)





Eugene Robert Richee

Winters in Paris and Summers on the Riviera were old stories to Kitty Carlisle.

Virginia Peine was married to a millionaire department-store owner.

Connie Bennett crashed the gates with a cool million in her own name.

Do the rich society girls who come to Hollywood have a better chance than other girls?

By DELL HOGARTH



Can You Buy STARDOM?



As Mrs. Stephen Ames, Adrienne Ames was independently rich.

Eugene Robert Richee



Robert W. Coburn

Hazel Forbes was bequeathed half a dozen factories, which she runs.

DOES money make any difference? Do the heiresses who come to Hollywood in search of a film career have a better chance than the thousands of unknown girls who have nothing but determination, talent and beauty? Of course money makes a difference. So does notoriety. So does social position. It usually wins the first big battle of moviedom. It makes producers know they are alive. It sets them apart from the crowd. It gains for them an audience. It secures a screen test. And then? Well, consider the experiences of six well known heiresses who have recently embarked on a movie career.

But before we turn the spotlight on their respective careers, let's consider the importance of their first victory. It's tremendous. So many girls flock to Hollywood year after year that the place is overrun with pulchritude and talent. They might as well have remained at home. The studios simply don't know they exist. Central Casting, at which all extra people must register, is so filled up, no more registrations are accepted. It is virtually impossible to secure interviews with casting directors. Other executives ditto. Against this wall of indifference, most of the young hopefuls beat their little fists until they are bloody. Then they return home; sadder, wiser.

The more enterprising spirits, however, face the problem squarely. How to set themselves apart from the crowd? How to make producers realize that here is a definite personality who ought to be given a chance? The things they do to attract notice defy enumeration. Nothing is overlooked. One girl joined a nudist colony. Another, who had worn out her heart as well as her shoe leather in a futile endeavor to gain an opportunity, finally attempted suicide. Her picture came out in the papers. The reason for her desperation was plainly and simply told. When she recovered she was given a small part in a picture. This, then, is the first obstacle which heiresses overcome with comparative ease.

Several have climbed to fame on a ladder of gold. Constance Bennett had a cool million in her own name when she came to Hollywood. Although she was the daughter of a former matinee idol, the aura of social position clung about her lovely blond head. As the wife of Phil Plant, heir to tin plate millions, she basked in the distinctive society of our illustrious first families. So when they were divorced, and her husband settled this fortune upon her, she came to Hollywood as an heiress for whom money had no appeal. But she wanted to follow in her father's profession. Make good on her own. Win fame.

Adrienne Ames also descended upon the film capitol with nothing to be gained in a monetary way. When she married Stephen Ames, the New York broker, he settled upon her a sum which made her financially independent as his wife. Her film career was an accident. Tiring of the endless round of teas, bridge parties, she went to Honolulu for a vacation. Returning to California, she decided to stop just for a few days to see how pictures were made. She remained for weeks. Wishing to be photographed by one of the cameramen who created art studies of stars, she had a series of portraits made. So well did she appear as a photographic subject that friends (*Please turn to page* 61)

THE MAN OF 84 FACES



All the pictures on this page are of the same man, Preston Foster. Look at them—then read the story

By
THORNTON SARGENT

YOU say you don't remember what he looks like. Why, it's easy enough to describe him! He's an impressive, commanding giant of a man—6 feet 2, 197 pounds stripped, square of face, curly dark hair, ingenuous eyes, and a resonant bass voice.

But still you don't remember him? Ah, now we come to the reason! The reason is the simple one that he has, to date, 84 faces!

Surely you've seen him around Hollywood, or on the Metro lot, or at least in pictures. He towers above everyone. Yes, that's the fellow over there—without a hat, his smiling face held high, brown coat opening to reveal a white knit polo shirt, cut low across the broad, hairy chest. He's the chap Metro picked to take the place of Clark Gable, graduated to stardom now, as a dynamic leading man for their collection of lovely feminine stars.

But you don't remember him . . . Well, even his best friends go to movies and don't know he's in them, until they see his name on the title cards! That's what having 84 faces does for you.

During his theatrical career Preston Foster has been in twenty pictures, a dozen grand operas and a score of plays, has done every kind of role from a hard-boiled mugg to a high-minded Utopian, yet never looked the same on screen or still pictures. Uncanny, isn't it? He isn't a Lon Chaney. He's just a regular American youth—hearty, open and frank, who freely admits, "I'd rather be considered a good actor than anything I can think of."









Perhaps that's why he won't feel terribly awed when he strides on the stage to act with the fascinating feminine stars. Well, perhaps he'll be a little awed, but not so much by them, because like lots of Americans he isn't terribly awed by reputations, dignity, wealth or even queens of the movies, but awed more by the fact that he's undertaking the biggest assignment of his career.

A man of multiple personality, Preston Foster was registering elation when I encountered him on the Metro lot. He was happy, and readily admitted his happiness, at being chosen for this grand opportunity out of the many who were tested for it. He couldn't very well deny it because that warm smile, the triumphant twist of his head, and his erect carriage were those of a man who's just done something well.

As we strode along to a quiet corner of the M-G-M lot, I couldn't help feeling a bit insignificant beside his imposing stature and evident brawn. He towers above any average sized man. And as for women—he's an evident protector type with arms that could easily crush the fragile Garbo between them.

Yes, Preston Foster's quite an individual, one who would stand out anywhere, but no sooner were we seated than he amazed me by saying, "I don't want to be Preston Foster on the screen."

I couldn't even express my astonishment—at such a man wishing to submerge his distinctive personality.

"You don't believe me," he laughed. "You're not the only one who hasn't till I explained why. It does seem funny. But, you see, being Preston Foster on the screen means a personality type. Of course, it pays better. It frequently means stardom. But that kind of career doesn't last as long. You bloom overnight and fade quickly. And I want to be in the movies a long, long time.

"As a matter of fact," Preston hurriedly explained. "I don't even know that I could be a personality type, or myself, if I desired. There's something almost weird about my work on the screen. I've never looked the same in any two pictures. I've even looked different in the same picture. What it is, or why it is that I have seemed so absolutely different, I can hardly explain myself."

Before my doubts could be registered in words, Preston Foster had pulled a picture from an envelope, asking, "Do you remember the first picture you saw me in?"

I shook my head negatively.

"I was this tough mugg in 'Follow the Leader'," he said, illustrating with the still picture.

I looked at the picture—then at Foster. Well, perhaps, there was a slight resemblance.

"Who's this?" he asked about a cocky individual posed with Edward G. Robinson in "Two Seconds."

Under such circumstances, anyone would guess Foster, but not because the man in the picture looked like the chap leaning over the table.

"And this?" he exultantly asked.

"Don't tell me you were that guy in 'Dr. X'," I gasped, as I looked at a frowsy-haired eccentric.

"Not only weird Dr. Wells—but the monster as well," he insisted.

He thumbed through others—an interne's gown and a thin mustache concealing his identity in "Life Begins," touseled hair and snarling lips revealing a still different Preston Foster as Killer Mears in "The Last Mile," and a stern expression and football helmet bringing him forth as a different personality as Steve in "All-American."

"And here's a funny one," he continued, "when I was the swimming champ in 'You Said a Mouthful.' Yet, here's a still from the same production in which the camera brings out a likeness to Max Baer."

So it went as I perused the photographic record of his work—the evangelist in "Ladies They Talk About," the grumbling manager in "Elmer, the Great," and the suave politician and mayor in "City Hall"—always a twist of the lips, a light in the eyes, or a hairdress that revealed a different Preston Foster.









Then came "The Man Who Dared"—and a veritable chameleon as Foster interpreted the various phases of Mayor Cermak's life from the enthusiastic boy to the seasoned, worldly wise mayor.

From Cermak he passed to the battered middle-aged barker of "Hoopla," the ingenuous, open-hearted small-town business man of "Sleepers East," the surly, sneering rat of "Heat Lightning," and finally to the opposite extreme in characterization when he portrayed the moody, idealistic Como of "Wharf Angel."

"How do you do it?" I

(*Please turn to page* 59)

MRS. FOX and $780,000,000

By a tremendous whirl of the wheel of fate, William Fox, once head of a mighty film company, now returns to the industry in greater power than ever before. How the faith and bravery of Mrs. Eve Fox, his wife, helped him to assume this position is one of the most fascinating stories in all movie history

By EDWIN C. HILL

Famous News Commentator of the Air and Metrotone Globe-Trotter





International

Above, at the top of the page, is Mrs. William Fox. Due to her, the man who was once a poor immigrant boy is now practically the dictator of the motion picture industry. Directly above, William Fox as he looks today, perceptibly aged by his long battle in the courts.



Hal Phyfe

Edwin C. Hill, the author

WILLIAM FOX believes, and quite sincerely, I think, that he stands pretty well with God. Saved from absolute ruin on more than one occasion by the miraculous appearance of vast sums of cash out of nowhere, he has arrived at the conclusion that the Lord is with him when he is right—which, in most cases, he holds himself to be. His conviction that he enjoys at least a defensive alliance with the Almighty must have been strengthened by the recent decision of the highest court in the land in refusing to review the dictum of the United States Circuit Court of Appeals which confirmed him in the exclusive ownership and control of the vital patents covering the photo-electric process of recording sound on film.

That decision by the Supreme Court of the United States would seem to elevate the pioneer motion picture producer of New York and Hollywood to domination of the whole motion picture world. By a tremendous whirl of the wheel of fate, the man who was forced out of the control of his own company, Fox Film Corporation, early in 1930, is lifted up out of the obscurity to which he had been condemned to the very heart and center of motion picture production. If competent judges are correct he stands on top of the mountain. He is the Boss. All of them must go to him, Fox, if they continue to make pictures with sound recorded on film. This is so because the supreme arbiter of law and the facts in these more or less United States confirm him in the absolute ownership of what are known as the Tri-Ergon patents, German processes for photographing sound on motion picture film by the photo-electric method, a process essential to the making of sound pictures and without which, indeed, they could not be made.

That is the grip William Fox would seem to have on the industry, a grip apparently unassailable and unbreakable now that the Supreme Court has washed its hands of the whole bitter, involved dispute between Fox and his ancient enemies. And the tale of how he acquired those vital key patents, of how he almost let them slide out of his hands and was saved only by the furious interposition of Mrs. Fox, of how through all the buffets and vicissitudes of fortune, when driven to desperation and near-panic by disastrous turns in his affairs, he clung to them, is one of the most fascinating tales in motion picture history. For $60,000, a bagatelle, a handful of loose change to this man who dealt in millions and tens of millions, he acquired the monopoly, the absolute ownership of the indispensable



gadgets of picture-making which, if he lives long enough, may make him the richest man in the world, richer than the Maharajah of Hyderabad, richer than Henry Ford, richer than the Rockefellers. Well may he muse with Moliére over "the beautiful eyes of my cashbox."

But, before I tell that story, a word about Fox himself. I have known him for a good many years, ever since my cub reporter days on the New York *Sun*. And then the time came when I went to work for him, getting out a newsreel, scenario editor in Hollywood, assisting in production, beauty hunting in Europe, creating the reference library of the Hollywood studio that once was his, so I think I know the man fairly well. His intense dynamic energy is the most arresting thing about him—the ability to labor savagely and drive or inspire others to almost equal effort. And the second quality of the man is his fanatical devotion to a cause he thinks is just, the same burning fanaticism that clawed him through his long fight with the bankers and nearly cost him his life. And the third quality, as I see it, is real vision—the vision that enabled him to see a marvelous future in pictures at a time when not one business man in ten thousand could view them as anything but evanescent toys, the vision that inspired him to leap into sound and grab the patents I have been speaking of.

Nowadays, Fox is a man of medium build, moderately fleshed between the days when he was the czar of his own company and hefted the scales at around a hundred and eighty-five and the days when they were stripping him, as Joseph was stripped, "of his coat of many colors," and he was worn down to a pale, haunted, phantom of a man, scaling under a hundred and fifty. His most familiar photograph of the old days showed him with a dome thinly plastered with black hair, a close-trimmed black mustache, quick, keen, inscrutable black eyes, which could twinkle with fun or glare with rage, and a perfectly sure and confident air. The thin strands of hair are gone now and so is the black mustache. The face is thinner, as well as the body. But the eyes, though disillusioned and perhaps a trifle sad, are scarcely less keen and expressive, and the air no less assured and confident. Such is William Fox at the age of fifty-four or thereabouts, launched once more on a career of which the climax is scarcely predictable.

He was born in Hungary, in the village of Tulchva, was brought to this country at the age of nine, had some schooling until he was eleven and then, as a mere kid, went into business as a sort of jack of all trades. He sold stove blacking in the tenement houses of New York's East Side. He peddled candy in New York's Central Park. He worked for a clothing firm before he was knee high to a duck. He went into business for himself, the cloth-examining and shrinking business, and always he saved, saved, saved. Ruthless, relentless thrift—ruthless and relentless to himself—gained him the capital, $50,000, with which he plunged headlong into the amazing, glamorous industry which Thomas A. Edison had started with his kinetoscope, back in 1894. Started with a funny little motion picture hall in Brooklyn,





Above: The street-urchins of New York's East Side were enthusiastic patrons of Fox's early "nickelodeons," which offered them blood-curdling thrillers. Right: A photograph of Mr. Fox in the old days.

a "shooting gallery," as they called it, expanded the original into a chain, made money hand over fist and then formed his own production and distributing company, The Box Office Attractions Film Rental Company, years later metamorphosed into Fox Film Corporation.

There is no space here to go into the tale of his swift rise as a producer and marketer of motion pictures in the old silent days; of his famous victory over the "film trust"; of a hundred other episodes of a career which reads like exciting fiction. He was a human snowball of prosperity, rolling along, gaining in bulk with every revolution, until the day came when his company flag flew in every country of the world, when he was one of the four or five dominant personalities of the industry, apparently impregnable, even unassailable. Nor is there time or need to enter here into the story of the adversity which fell upon him, his bitter fight with the bankers, the automobile accident which laid him low in a terrific financial crisis, and of his final retreat from the battlefield with $15,000,000 in hard cash, the promise of $3,000,000 more and the promise also of a $500,000 a year salary for five years. That is water long over the mill, and the only point that need be emphasized is that Bill Fox was the luckiest man in the world when he was shoved out of his own company with an enormous amount of cash and no bag to hold.

This story is about those patents, those German, tri-Ergon patents on the photo-electric eye which transforms sound into light and light into sound, those patents which may make Fox a billionaire in very truth if the light holds out to burn. It was in 1925 that he became intensely interested in sound pictures and convinced himself that the silent pictures were dead on their feet. Promptly he acquired the Case patents and went to work on the new idea. Then he heard of the German invention, the patents which turned out to be the biggest plum which ever fell into his lap. Nobody realized their value in those days, eight or nine years ago. They were a gamble out-and-out, but Fox has always been a gambler, a terrific plunger under a hunch. And it was a terrific hunch that came to him now. The first sound pictures were made with the silenium cell and were a flop. Along came three Germans named Engl, Vogt and Massole. In 1919 they took (*Please turn to page* 50)



Directly above and below are two scenes from Mr. Fox's greatest silent film. "Over the Hill" broke hearts and box-office records.



An early movie theater—one of the kind that gave the immigrant boy his start. One sign reads, "Only Novelties Shown Here."



Wide World Photos

Below: The vertical lines at the film's edge constitute the sound track, worth $780,000,000.



I was that Way about W. C. Fields

Romance blossoms where we least expect it. New Movie's own ELSIE JANIS reveals here for the first time what has been in her heart since the tender age of five

I'M not going to say how long ago it was, on Bill's account. For myself I don't mind. I'm so used to dallying in Memory Lane, embarrassing folks by remembering things that happened thirty years ago! Decades drip from my pen carelessly; but Bill may be trying to kid some beautiful blond baby that life began when he looked into her eyes, so I'll just tell about what an attractive lad he was in those dear dateless days. "W. C. Fields" then as now on the programs. If he had not done such a great act, one could not be disinterested in any young man who starts a career with no front name and flaunting the somewhat intimate initials "W. C."

Bill never knew of my passion for him. He thought I stood in the wings every performance just because he did the best juggling act ever seen. He didn't realize that my childish heart was leaping about among the billiard balls which he had so completely under control.

Little Elsie was, if I'm not mistaken, billed above W. C. Fields the first time we played on the same Variety program. Being a sort of freak child wonder she became a headliner practically at birth. Great artists stood back kindly in favor of the infant prodigy. Bill (he was Mr. Fields to Little Elsie) was already a great comic, but when he washed up for whatever home-work he was doing at the time he was a very handsome young man. Tall, blonde and slim. The same twinkling blue eyes which today view his tremendous screen success with quiet humor. He still has most of the blond hair. We won't go into that slim business. Very few retain a slimness after years of sitting on top of the world. The only form of exercise the top of the world sitters are sure to get is bending to take bows. Admitted that the waistline hinge is no more. Comedy and pounds usually collaborate.

Certainly Bill doesn't have to worry about his figure, in fact at time of going to press he doesn't have to worry about anything. If you have seen him in a film where he plays billiards you have glimpsed what was in those days the foundation of his specialty, but you may not have seen him hold an audience for twenty minutes in one long laugh without speaking a word, as he used to do. As a pantomimist he had no equal and with perhaps the exception of Charles Chaplin I think he still can claim that distinction if he will. He won't, however, because Bill is as modest a "big shot" as ever wore a Maxim silencer.

I believe my mother must have shared my youthful yen for "W. C. Fields. International Favorite." I remember distinctly that he had difficulty in getting off or on the stage without stepping past her and over Little Elsie. I also remember that when our vaudeville routes separated and I was in tears, Mother encouraged me by saying that we would surely play with Mr. Fields again some time.

We never did, for as my billing grew so did Bill's and this happened before the days of all-star casts. A headliner was a headliner. Vaudevillians would share most anything with one another except "the billing." We watched our friend Bill as he soared to greater heights. Not until yesterday when I went out to see him on the shore of the small but celebrity-bordered Lake Toluca did I know with what great interest he has followed my career. He had been abroad and played all over Europe before I ever saw anything larger than a lake steamer. My London and Paris debuts were important events to him. He had known the thrill that goes with the conquest of foreign countries. To hear Bill tell of the difficulty he had in getting England to put his important and original initials on a conservative London billboard is a treat. They used to bill him C. W. and pretend it was the printer's mistake.

I had seen Bill several times out here in the last few years but with the well-worn Hollywood slogan, "We must get together some time," we had parted as old friends do in this land of manana and movies. When I called him on the phone and told him I wanted to write a yarn about him, he stunned me with the information that he reads my NEW MOVIE articles every month. "So you're that guy, are you?" I said, and made a date.

Toluca Lake looks better than it sounds. It has become very lime-lighted lately, between Bing Crosby's twins, George Brent's new monoplane which hovers over it and





Left: What the well-dressed man will wear.



Below: Cutting endless tons of grass to feed his pet swans occupies most of his waking hours.



One of Mr. Field's favorite sports is hunting. In this pose, especially taken, at the risk of the photographer's life, we see him hunting a collar button.



A favorite pose. Sparkling with energy, on his toes to please, the perfect host, here is how his friends find Mr. Fields when they come to call.

Bill's motor "trailer" which sits in his front yard shouting "Welcome!" Toluca hasn't been out of the local papers for months. It boasts of a lovely golf course on one side and a lot of bad golf players on the other. Bing does not live right on the lake, so that makes him an exception, if the fact that he refused to have his appendix out because he was "breaking under eighty" has not already done so.

Toluca is very small, very silvered, bewillowed and looks like most any neck of the woods but California. Bill rushed me through the house and out on to the front lawn where a giant oak spreads over the flagged patio with a sort of "Bring on your skinny palm trees" expression in its deep green leaves. He rushed me so directly and swiftly that I sort of suspect the blond baby I spoke of earlier might have been lurking in the background, if baby blondes ever do retreat to backgrounds. Such being the case she had a good long lurk. Bill and I retrospected for two solid hours.

Accustomed as he is to success, Bill still can't believe that he is really living the dream that was always his. To have his own home in California! His dream has come true with de luxe knobs on it. Bill has traveled constantly since he started in summer park vaudeville at five dollars a week. From there around the world twice, juggling his way through all countries. It was due to this "Be a juggler and see the world" complex that he became a silent comedian. In his early days he talked whenever anyone would permit him to do so and often when they would not. With a taste of world-wide success he returned to America, smacking his lips in the anticipation of more travels. He was so afraid that the visiting foreign agents wouldn't book him if he talked that he played dumb for years. (*Please turn to page* 58)



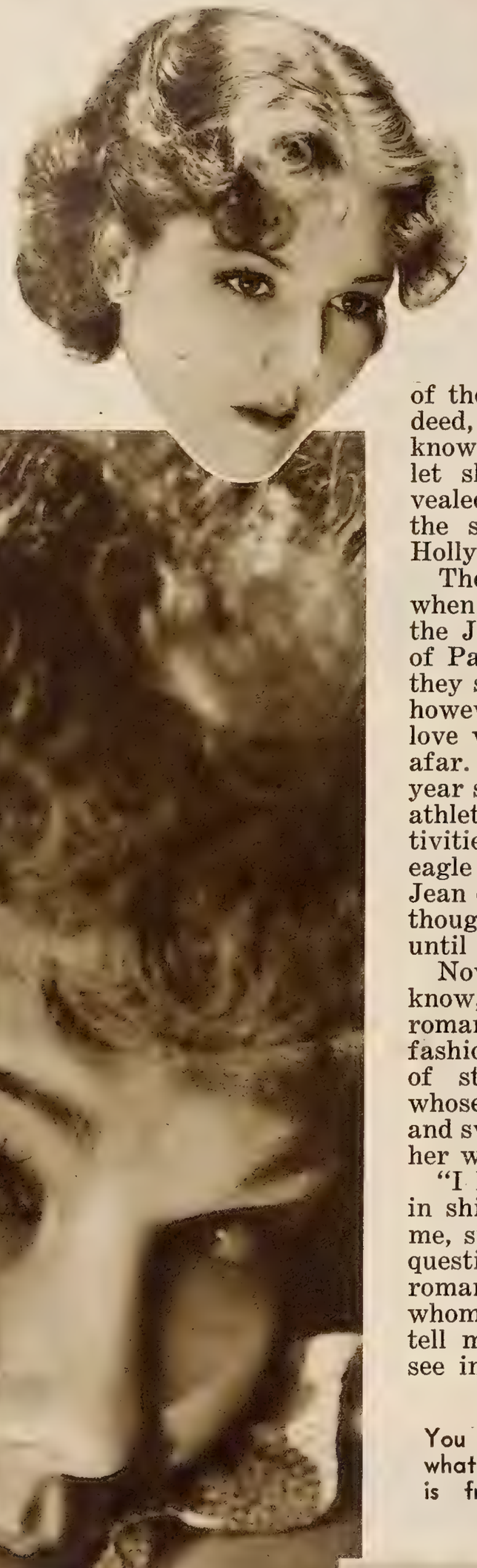


Above: The perfect host says good-bye to a neighbor who has just said something nasty about that borrowed lawn-mower. Left: While here—all kidding aside—is Elsie's secret passion as he really is, in the charming living-room of his Hollywood home.

The Sweetest Love Story

By
WHITNEY
WILLIAMS

—you have ever read, is this one of little Jean Parker and the boy she loves



Jean Parker's rise to screen fame has been truly meteoric—the fastest Hollywood has known. And for very good reasons, too!

THE friendship of Jean Parker and Pancho Lucus has been touched up briefly, but never before has the full force of their love been told. Indeed, it remained an unknown quantity until Jean let slip the news and revealed what undoubtedly is the sweetest love story in Hollywood.

Their romance started when both were freshmen in the John Muir High School of Pasadena. Long before they spoke their first words, however, Jean had fallen in love with this Pancho from afar. Pancho, even as a first-year student, ranked high in athletics and all campus activities . . . he also had an eagle eye, and he singled Jean out from the crowd, although she didn't know this until later.

Now, Jean, you must know, is the very soul of romance. She is the old-fashioned girl who dreams of story-book heroes and whose thoughts are tender and sweet. Imagination rules her world.

"I have found my knight in shining armor," she told me, simply, naïvely, when I questioned her about her romance, "my Armand, of whom my teacher used to tell me and whom I would see in fancy." She referred to the story of "Armand and Antoinette." "I found him among those boys and girls I went to school with every day, and he lived up to every qualification my knight in fiction possessed."

Her knight was Pancho, and ere long they met at parties, class meetings, on the campus. Drawn together by some subtle, mysterious force, more than two years elapsed before they finally looked into each other's eyes and confessed their love.

No ordinary boy-and-girl affair of the heart, was this love of Jean's and Pancho's. Far from being flippant, momentary, it grew . . . grew, until today it is deeper, more rapturous than ever, absorbing them completely. A glowing light shines in Jean's eyes as she dwells on the subject.

"We're not even engaged," she says, "but there's plenty of time for that. Each of us thinks we're much too young and inexperienced now ever to consider such an important step . . . but we've told each other of our devotion and hopes for the future. For the time being, we're content to go on as we are.

"We shall not marry until we can really devote ourselves to living our own lives. We're both young—only eighteen—and there's so much each of us has to do. Pancho has his own career to think of . . . he's just starting, you know . . . and I have my own work. You can't successfully combine being a wife and actress at the same time. So we are waiting until some time later when each of us is more firmly established.

"I wonder sometimes how Hollywood takes our romance. I wonder if people really understand just how deeply we feel. We love each other so devotedly, our relationship is so sweet and there is only brightness and light for the future that it may be somewhat difficult to comprehend. Neither of us, though, has set any definite date for an understanding, for a certain course of action . . . we are living the present with a very full sense of anticipation that is completely satisfying now.

"Pancho and I first avowed our feelings toward each other a year ago last March, at a class dance. We slipped away into the garden to be alone, and there, in the moonlight—it was a very beautiful night, I remember, warm and balmy, and Spring filled the air—we changed from two gay children to a deadly serious boy and girl. We admitted what each of us had known for nearly two years, yet had never spoken . . . we were in love.

"Up until that moment, we had smiled at each other, waved across the campus, Pancho always had managed to dance at least one dance with me at every party we attended . . . but we had never permitted ourselves a confession. Why, we had never even had a date. Of course, that evening in March, both our lives changed."

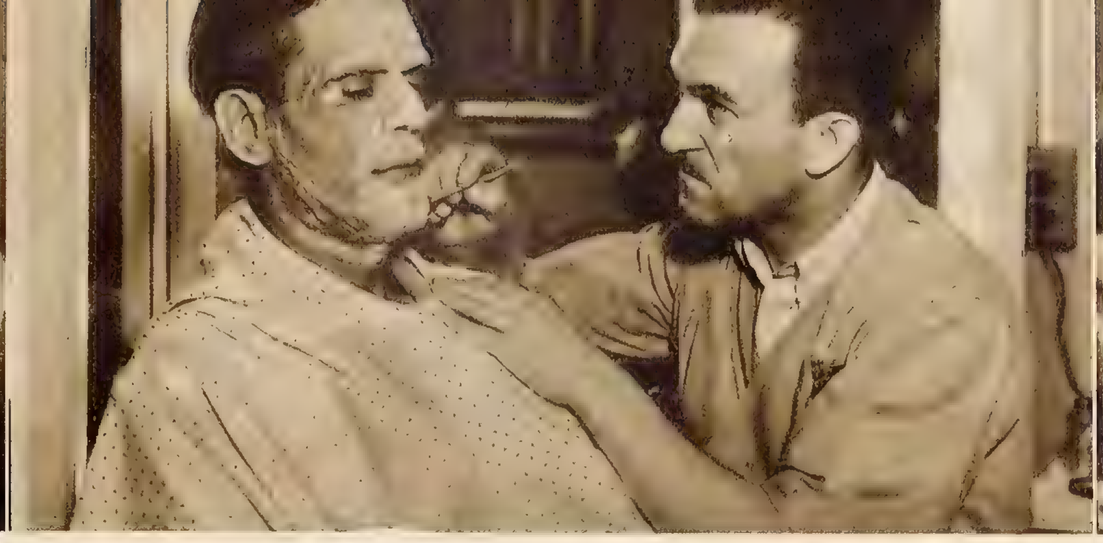
There is something so genuinely sincere, so trusting, so fine and sweet in this love of Jean's that it is expressive of her entire nature. Hers has not been the happy existence that most (*Please turn to page* 56)

You do not have to be told what picture the scene below is from — "Little Women," with Jean as *Beth*.





In the ghostly "Old Dark House."



His pain-seamed face lent itself to "The Mummy's" make-up.



In England they called him "The Ghoul."

KARLOFF THE UNCANNY

Fame came to Boris Karloff —but his path was weird, cruel, a torment to his soul

By JACK JAMISON

THE thing that reached out and got hold of all of us, the first time we ever saw Boris Karloff in a picture, was what we saw in his face. It isn't enough to call it personality, or even a personality. If ever a face showed a man's history, his whole experience, everything that he has gone through, that face is Boris'!

Pass over the fact that he is a fine actor. Everybody knows that what counts on the screen isn't acting so much as what we see, with our inner vision, in the actor as a person. And people go out of the theater, after they have seen Karloff, saying, with a little shudder: "That man must have gone through hell!"

He has.

The producers know it—or, if they don't know it, they feel it; they see in his face just what we do. That is why they give him the roles they do, from the hideous creature he played in "The Mummy" or his role in "The Lost Patrol," where, a British cavalryman gone insane on religion, he walked out over the desert dunes clothed in rags, carrying a flimsy cross made of saplings, to convert the Arabs who promptly sent him crumpling into the sand with their rifle bullets.

Those deep-cut lines of bitterness in Boris' face are there with good reason. Boris knows all there is to know of bitterness. Such bitterness that he can say. "In a few years I will be fifty years old. I have been what the world calls a success for only these last five or six years. I dwell on these six years, and on the years still left for me, however few they may be, and try to forget the lean, empty years. I work in my garden, I swim in my pool—and I look at tomorrow." It is a tired man who says that; a man tired by a long, a life-long and wearisome journey through tragic circumstance.

Fifty years, to know happiness!

Boris was born in Dulwich, a suburb of London, in 1887, the youngest (*Please turn to page* 50)





Many years, it has taken this man to find happiness. But at last he finds it, in his home and his wife, with whom he is pictured here at the left.

SINCLAIR

Douglas Gilbert, a personal friend of the famous novelist who won the Nobel Prize in Literature, compares him with the star of his choice in this keenly analytical article. Does Sinclair Lewis choose Katharine Hepburn as the finest star because she is his spiritual twin?

Wide World



Sinclair Lewis

By DOUGLAS GILBERT



In Sir James Barrie's whimsical "Little Minister," Katharine reaches new heights.



. . . Again, in "The Little Minister."

THE great American three-ringed circus has been the interest of Sinclair Lewis. He has paid little attention, beyond endorsing its checks, to Hollywood's show or its artists. Now it can be printed that Mr. Lewis chooses as the finest artist of the American screen—Katharine Hepburn. This is more than news—it is a piece for the NEW New Movie.

Here is his reason for selecting Miss Hepburn: "She has rhythm, she moves, there is a mobility about her that is as constant as the flow of a river. She has poise that is arresting. She is never, as so many of the screen stars are, static."

Frankly, I was astonished at his choice. The lean and leggy Kate never meant any more to me than a forehead (like a proscenium), a mouth and a pair of stilts. But she is Mr. Lewis' screen girl and that's something. Let's see if we can find what that something is.

Now Mr. Lewis is America's best known, if you will not admit (as I do), greatest author, and a pageant of women have crossed his pages leaping out at you, say, with all the vitality of Ann Vickers. Maybe this is the tie-up, the reason for his choice, for Miss Hepburn has vitality, albeit of the shot-in-the-arm kind.

I will not admit, however, that it is the real reason; to determine that you have to consider factors in the characteristics of both. Let's run the pair of them down and see how closely Tomboy Katie, of Hartford, compares with the gangling, explosive "Red" of Sauk Center.

Consider Kate's career. Does she really mean, actually deserve, the box-office plaudits she has won? Does she merit the distinction Mr. Lewis has laid on her towseled head? Only a few years ago she was the leading door-bell ringer of Broadway, a pest to the casting agents and a nuisance to producers. She was trying to get a job—a stage-struck gal from Connecticut.

Finally she landed as an understudy to Hope Williams—as sure an instance of casting to type as the Broadway lads have ever exhibited. But Katharine's Hope never materialized. Miss Williams never got sick. And Miss Hepburn languished in the wings shifting her shoulder straps in uneasy futility.

I think Broadway, and of course when I say Broadway I mean the legitimate stage, was always a little frightened of her. There is a neurotic stimulation about her that is incoherently violent. She is a network of haywires, livid as a flickering Neon light that has something wrong with its gadgets.

But she can take it. That's what the gals like about her, and the men too, and Mr. Lewis. Although I am no stickler for her art I salute her for her courage. The weary round of steps she trekked to land a part have been as torturing as the beatings she has taken from the critics. They called her "immature" and "over-emphatic."

This has been her cross. She's carried it like a man. Last season she opened in an

LEWIS PICKS HEPBURN

English play called "The Lake," a social whoop-te-doo that was very, very British and that was right up the alley of the Bryn Mawr Katharine. It was a mess and it flopped. And to the credit of Katharine, who got no rave notices for her acting, it can be said she was a good deal better than her role.

From another standpoint "The Lake" is frightfully important, for it justifies the red badge of courage I have pinned to her boyish form.

This, in the event that you don't know, is the background of that production in so far as it affects Miss Hepburn. She was then, in Hollywood, gliding to Garbo heights as a box-office pay-off, an achievement won for her work in "Morning Glory" which made her an academician; I mean she won the 1932 award for the best performance.

What a curious position! Virtually a ham on Broadway, a recognized star on the screen. I needn't remind you of the acclaim that is hers in pictures. And nobody had to remind the Broadway producers that here was a set-up to make a lot of dough. It was good show-business (and it still was justified even if "The Lake" did fold), to bring back the gal who had flopped on Broadway (1), to give her the chance to justify legitimately her, if you will forgive me, reel life; (2) divert the stream of pence she was funnelling into picture palaces into the box-office of the more intimate theater.

She had, I repeat, to justify herself. There is a yarn told about her; that in her stateroom on the train, en route to Washington where "The Lake" was to open, she was so nervous she could scarcely speak above a whisper. The Broadway opening that followed must have been agony to her. Any "first night" in New York is no set-up, as every actor, however iced his arteries, will tell you. Many of them take a double Scotch and soda before their entrance. Incidentally, this practice used always to make the late David Belasco furious. He told me once that "only the hams need it." And he used to tell his company, too, often shaming them into denying themselves this artificial fortification.

Well, here was Katharine Hepburn, back on Broadway carrying the amazing burden of having to make good after all she had been to the picture public. And she took it in her stride. Even with hers, she couldn't leap the footlights. But, if she faltered, no arm had to catch her. Such fortitude does not appeal to Mr. Lewis alone.

"Hollywood," she once said, "hasn't done a thing for me. Nor do I wish it to. Whatever comes to me I want to come through my own efforts. That attitude may seem ungrateful. But I don't mean it that way.

"Just because my first appearance in 'A Bill of Divorcement' happened to be successful is no reason why I should kneel in thanksgiving to Hollywood." You see? Head high, chin up, not out.

And then she spoiled it all. "The picture had John Barrymore in it. That's why it was successful. I just tagged along." These are gracious remarks. But nobody can convince me that they were uttered from the Hepburn heart.

She redeemed this in her concluding remarks which are Hepburn again and not hooey. "To me Hollywood is just another place of pavements, shops and people rushing like mad. I've done things for myself all my life. I've fought for what I wanted—and gotten most of the things. And I intend to continue doing that. I don't want Hollywood's help."

This alone would justify Mr. Lewis' acclaim.

I wonder if Miss Hepburn can offer him a wreath. She ought to. For I can think of no two celebrities whose characteristics merge with such delightful humanness. For despite Miss Hepburn's phony femininity in her films, she is all girl—and all youth. I don't see her as the blase type of the overwrought neurotic in "A Bill of Divorcement." There is too much of the wood-sprite in Hepburn who, I like to fancy, and I fancy Mr. Lewis does also, is waiting, just back of the barn, for a romp through the fields. That's why her best role is "Spitfire." And why her "Little Minister" provokes such a storm of controversy. I admire her studio for thus casting her. It was as brave as she is. It was difficult to imagine her in so soft a thing as the subtlety of Barrie. And how sincerely she demonstrates that she is flesh as well as bone! Almost, Mr. Lewis has picked her for me as well as himself.

I can well fancy her as a character in one of the Lewis novels. For her roots, as his, are deep in the soil. Always she sways like a stalk of corn in a wind-swept field. She is that strong, that fruitful. She belies, if you will analyze her, the perfumed pet with lips smeared like a red wound. Look at her, as I like to believe Mr. Lewis does, in the sun.

This is the light of Mr. Lewis's vision. Show me a page of his books that are livid with the synthetic (*Please turn to page* 56)

Do you agree that "Spitfire," in which Miss Hepburn is pictured below, was her best role?



. . . In a scene from "Christopher Strong."





. . . Or was it as *Jo* in "Little Women"?

Which Type Are You?

Measure your own charm and beauty with the yard stick used by famous directors and producers in Hollywood

SOMEWHERE in Hollywood you have a double. If she doesn't resemble you closely enough to be taken for a twin sister, you and she at least have enough facial features, gestures or tricks of expression in common to make your friends think of you when they see her picture cast on the screen. The chances are that this Hollywood double of yours not only resembles you in appearance but that she and you are something alike in your tastes and disposition, since superficial appearance is usually a reflection of innate characteristics.

Practically every type of girl, European or American, is represented among the stars and featured players in Hollywood. In fact, producers and casting directors are inclined to select talent on the basis of type as much as through the consideration of sheer beauty and loveliness. Hence the clever actress, with her eye on Hollywood stardom, strives to accentuate and define—through dress, cosmetics, make-up and manners—the characteristics of the type to which she belongs. If she is one of the smart sophisticated type, she does not make the mistake of doing her hair like a hoyden. If she is the American athletic girl, she avoids wearing clothes designed for a Spanish or French siren.

All this has given American girls and women a new measuring stick for feminine charm and appeal. It has widened our vision and made beauty a much more interesting thing to talk about than when it was measured by a single standard.

In the time and place where the tall blonde was the ideal of beauty, the petite brunette didn't have a chance. At the time when only frail, languorous girls were considered charming, the athletic fresh-air girl had nothing to brag about but good health and a pleasant smile. Now every type of girl has a chance. The important thing to do is to learn your type and make the most of it, by means of dress, make-up and manner. Being truer to your type you will be truer to yourself, and will thus gain greater self-confidence and more definite charm.

Stars and featured players in Hollywood can help you in this quest better than any other women in the world. Close study of your Hollywood type in motion pictures will be of great help in this task of self-expression, and there is also much to be gained from a knowledge of how this type sister of yours chooses to play the role of a woman of type similar to her own and yours. But even so, the time, setting and situations of the picture may call for make-up, manners and costumes that would be out of place at home, or in the usual social surroundings.

Colbert, you'll agree, is a very charming representative of the siren, but she is by no means the only example for the siren type of girl. There is Dolores Del Rio for a thoroughly Latin type of siren and Lupe Velez, as well as the alluring Marlene Dietrich, with Carole Lombard as a tall blond representative of the type, and Merle Oberon if you want a thoroughly English version, and the newcomer, Ketti Gallian, shows how provocative a French blonde can be.

We all know well-dressed young women who in one way or another suggest Kay Francis, but there are dozens of other Hollywood stars from whom the sophisticated well-dressed woman can choose her Hollywood type. Norma Shearer, for instance, or Gloria Swanson, or Peggy Fears or Jane Wyatt who is defined in Hollywood as a perfect metropolitan type.

For the charming girl who inclines a little to the serious side, there is Helen Hayes, Barbara Stanwyck, Helen Twelvetrees and Rosemary Ames. For the athletic or out-of-door girls, we have stars as widely varied as Maureen O'Sullivan, Gloria Stuart, and Nancy Carroll as a perfect representative of the vivacious Irish type.

Janet Gaynor heads the list for the sweet girlish type. Joan Crawford is the perfect dancing lady, Ruby Keeler is the American dream girl type, Alice Faye is the torch singer type, platinum blonde and dynamic. Mona Barrie is defined as the typical English aristocrat, while Myrna Loy is one of the outstanding examples of the real American girl. Constance Bennett is the languorous blonde.

And so it goes in Hollywood where every star stands out as a vivid example of a definite type of lovely woman.

A NEW SERVICE FROM HOLLYWOOD FOR READERS OF NEW MOVIE MAGAZINE

And now to help you, and other readers of New Movie Magazine, we have arranged to provide something entirely new in the way of personal service. Write to the Hollywood Type Editor, care of New Movie Magazine, 55 Fifth Avenue, New York, giving a brief description of yourself—your height, weight, hair and eye coloring—and the name of the star or featured player whom you think you most resemble. If you have an inexpensive photograph or snapshot of yourself enclose it in your letter. In reply, our Hollywood beauty and fashion editors will give you advice and suggestions regarding make-up, dress, coiffure, etc., most appropriate to the type to which you belong.



Nancy Carroll — *Columbia*

Vivacious



Kay Francis — Warner

Sophisticated Type



Joan Crawford — M-G-M

Dancing Lady Type



Alice Faye — Fox

Dynamic Blonde



Gloria Stuart — Universal

Athletic Type



Claudette Colbert — Paramount

Siren Type



Anna Sten — United Artists

Glamorous Russian



Irene Dunne — RKO

Society Type



Constance Bennett — 20th Century

Languorous Blonde



Mary Pickford — United Artists

Ever Youthful

Eugene Robert Richee

LOVE IN THREE MOODS







Otto Dyar

THREE PAIRS OF PLAYERS who bring us love in three moods. At the top of the page, Bing Crosby and Kitty Carlisle typify light, frothy gaiety. You'll see them as a princess and a waiter in "Here Is My Heart." In the center are John Boles and Gloria Swanson of "Music in the Air"—singing stars too, but accentuating a mood of more serious romance. And last but not least, William Powell and Myrna Loy, who, by public demand, recapture the mood of "The Thin Man" in "Evelyn Prentice."

Russell Ball

New Movie proudly heralds an event in screen history

GRAND OPERA

With all the glorious voices of the stage and all the glamour of youthful picture players





Two dramatic scenes from the experimental reel, with Henry Hull as the clown.



Wide World

Mr. and Mrs. DeMille, with their daughter Lynn, photographed at a recent premiere.

It is yours. It is on its way to you. This story of how it comes to you is written by the man who has made it possible

By WILLIAM DeMILLE

CLARA and I were at the opera.

Clara, be it known, is not only my wife, "Miss Beranger," but my most trusted scenario writer.

"Pagliacci" was drawing to its dramatic end and we were thrilling to its powerful closing measures when we had the misfortune to open our eyes.

The illusion vanished.

The stage was peopled with aged folk of waistlines not only generous but positively philanthropic, accompanied by a few of their grandchildren. In the center lay the recumbent body of the slain Nedda, suggesting not so much the mountains of Nevada as those of Colorado.

"Too bad," said Clara.

"What is?"

"That everything which goes into the ear is so lovely, while everything which goes into the eye is so—"

"You promised to give up that word," I interrupted.

"There are occasions, my dear," she rejoined sweetly, "when no other word seems to satisfy the soul."

"It may be," I suggested, "that we who are used to the pictorial beauty of the screen, the intimacy of its emotion, the realism of its detail, find it hard to get dramatic value from the crude, exaggerated method of operatic acting."

"Wouldn't it be great, though," she said, "if we could combine what grand opera has to give the ear with what the screen gives the eye?"

"You mean put grand opera on the screen?"

"Absolutely."

"It has been tried, my poor child," I said, "and has demonstrated that what is merely a misfortune in the opera-house becomes a catastrophe in a close-up."

We were walking home by now.

"But why hasn't anyone found a way to do it?" she inquired. (*Please turn to page* 68)

HOLLYWOOD ENTERTAINS

—Maintaining the vogue for open air rancho parties, while the rest of us freeze

By GRACE KINGSLEY



Wide World

Marian Marsh and Joey Ray, master of ceremonies at the Ebell Club frolic. A new romance?



Wide World

Phil Regan, former New York policeman; now crooning in Warner Pictures, Dixie Lee—(Mrs. Bing Crosby)—James Cagney, and Frances Shortell gathered at the Lloyd Bacon party.





Wide World

Left: Joe E. Brown was much in evidence at the Lloyd Bacon party and entertained with some of the stunts from his newest picture. Above: Mrs. Pat O'Brien and Louise Fazenda, guests at the same charming affair, spent the evening picking figs!

FILM folk are all going rancher! And giving parties at their haciendas.

Louise Fazenda says she is pumpkin conscious even now. She and her husband, Hal Wallis, the producer, have bought a ranch in San Fernando Valley, and are building themselves a Mexican farmhouse. Polly Moran is buying a ranch out there. Louise says she and Hal are going to raise white mice on their ranch (but she grinned when she said it), and Polly says she is going to raise razzberries.

"And who's going to raise Cain?" inquired Bing Crosby.

"Oh, we're going to keep that element out," retorted Louise.

Anyway, you would surely have thought you were back in those romantic old Spanish days of California if you had been at the party which Director Lloyd Bacon gave for his wife on her birthday, at their San Fernando Valley ranch.

I suppose there weren't any swimming pools or badminton courts in those days, such as the Bacons have. But you could gather fruit from the trees in the orchard, and dance in the big grape arbors, and eat Spanish food in the evening before a huge fire, just as we did.

Louise Fazenda, Dixie Lee Crosby and Mrs. Pat O'Brien climbed a big old fig tree and ate figs as they sat on the limbs, though there were plenty of figs on a big plate in the patio.

One of these gadget bracelets, on which you hang jewel-studded bangles on each succeeding birthday or Christmas—or any other holiday—was Mr. Bacon's birthday present to his wife. She says she isn't going to let even St. Patrick's day go by without a present! Anyway, wouldn't a diamond studded shamrock be just too cute?

* * *

If you think Bing Crosby sings lullabys to those twins, you are mistaken. But he said he had to leave the party early to get any sleep.

"I had thought it would be a swell idea," Bing explained, "to build the nursery right next to our bedroom. But who could anticipate twins! And they yell in relays!"

WHEN Louise Fazenda gives a birthday party for seventeen people she doesn't confine herself to one little stingy cake. She gives each guest a cake.

That's what she did the night she entertained all the people who had had birthdays during the month. And each cake had its full quota of candles, too. Among those whose natal days occurred during said month, and who helped celebrate, were Hal Wallis, the producer, Louise's husband; Mrs. Lloyd Bacon, Claudette Colbert, Mrs. Mervyn LeRoy, Ricardo Cortez, Robert Kane, Mrs. Lionel Atwill, Mrs. Raoul Walsh, Harry Joe Brown, Margaret Lindsay and Jean Hersholt.

MR. AND MRS HARRY LACHMAN have a warm spot in their hearts for young romance.

They proved it by giving a party in honor of Frank Lawton and Evelyn Laye, Jeanette MacDonald and Robert Ritchie, and Elizabeth Allan and her husband, Bill O'Brien, who was leaving at once for London after a visit to his wife.

The Lachmans had known Frank and Evelyn in London, (*Please turn to page* 67)

STRAIGHT FROM RKO'S CASTING DIRECTOR COMES THIS NEWS OF

What WON'T Get You into the Movies

KATHRYN WHITE, ace writer, dares to smash the bunk about "studio requirements." The truth will startle you

IF Janet Gaynor were an "unknown," she couldn't walk into a single casting office in Hollywood today, and get a job!—not even a day's work as an extra. . . .!

If George Raft were next in line, behind Janet, the casting director'd *laugh* at *him*.

"You haven't got a chance of getting into pictures," the director'd tell him. "You're too much of a runt. Grow half a foot and maybe you could get by as an extra."

Gary Cooper'd show up, and the casting director'd wave him wearily away. "Too tall an' too skinny, an' besides, y'look like a hick-town drugstore cowboy. We want sophistication."

Jean Harlow'd appear, and the casting director'd look with interest at her physical qualifications. Then she'd say something and the casting director would sigh and say: "Nope. Not with THAT voice!"

Mae West would undulate up to him next, and the casting director wouldn't give her a second look. "Baby," he'd inform her, "you've got about twenty pounds too much beef! Move on!"

And if Katharine Hepburn should burst in on him, he'd scream, "Take her away! Take her away! She hasn't got a single thing it takes!"

AND all of that (those samples are only a few of the possible scores) goes to show what?—well, principally, two points:

First—Success for any unknown trying to crash pictures today is as remote as the poles.

Second—Because of the cast-iron casting system which is rigidly in force in Hollywood today, there are unquestionably many Mae Wests, many would-be Hepburns, many possible box-office successes like Gaynor, many potentially great screen stars actually trying to get a chance in movies—and yet you'll never see them on the screen, because they can't get by the casting office MUSTS and MUSTNTS. . . .!

Of those MUSTS and MUSTN'TS, here are the details. And, if you've ever had any dream of trying to get into pictures—if you've thrilled at being told you're a "second Gaynor" or (*Please turn to page* 57)

IF YOU LOOK LIKE ONE OF THESE



Jimmy Cagney



Ann Dvorak



John Boles



Mae West



Gary Cooper

STAY AWAY FROM HOLLYWOOD!



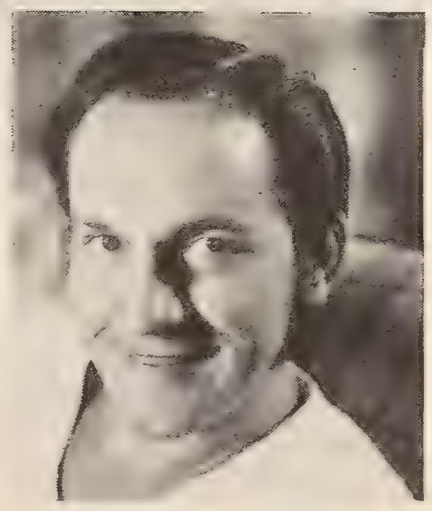
Janet Gaynor



George Raft



Jean Harlow

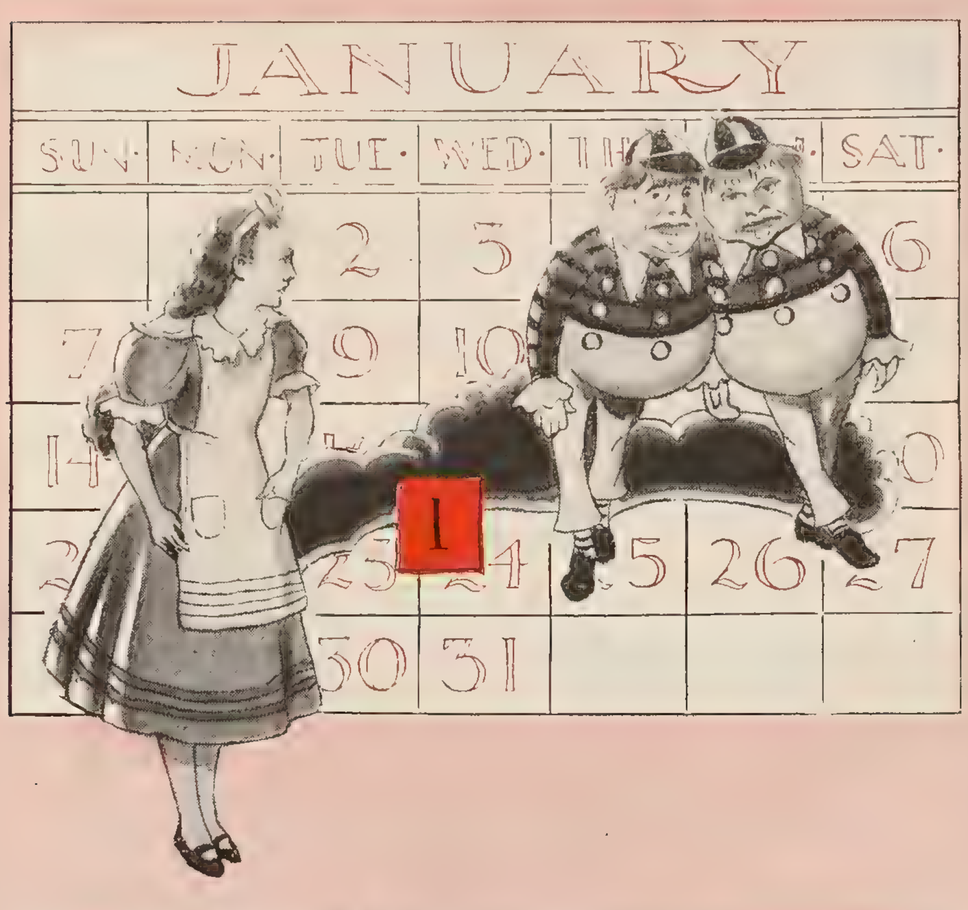


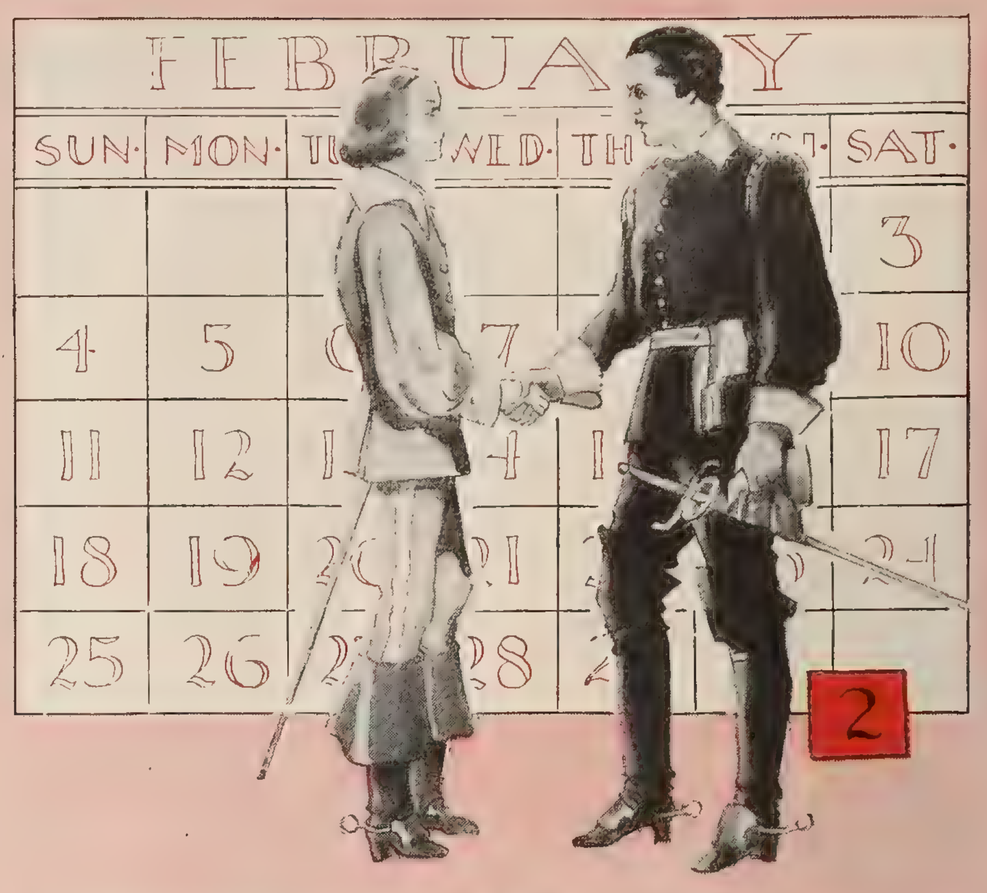
Fredric March

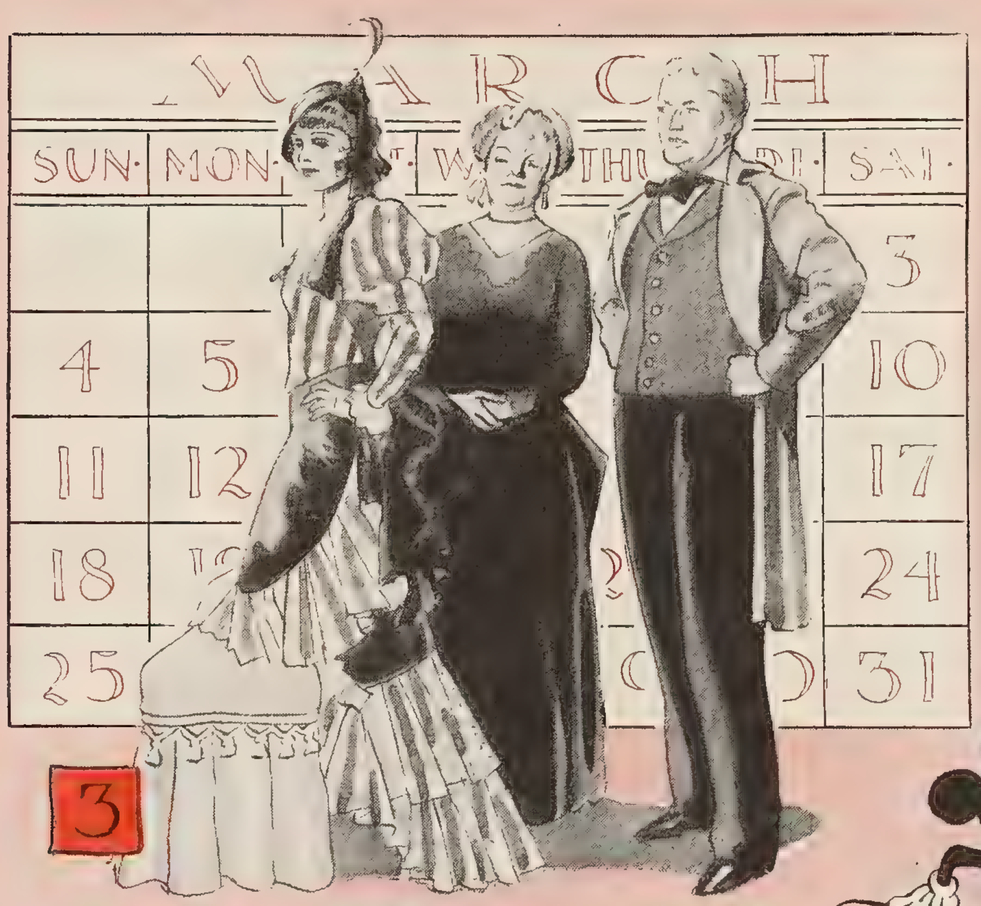


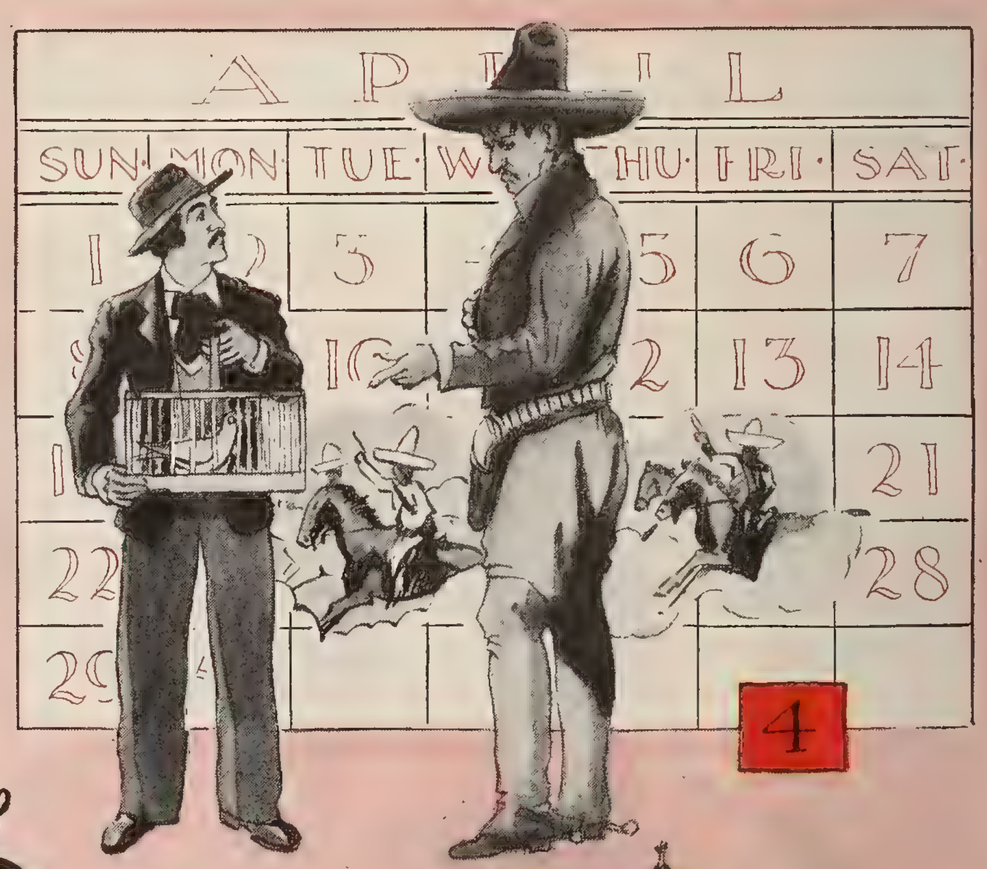
Miriam Hopkins

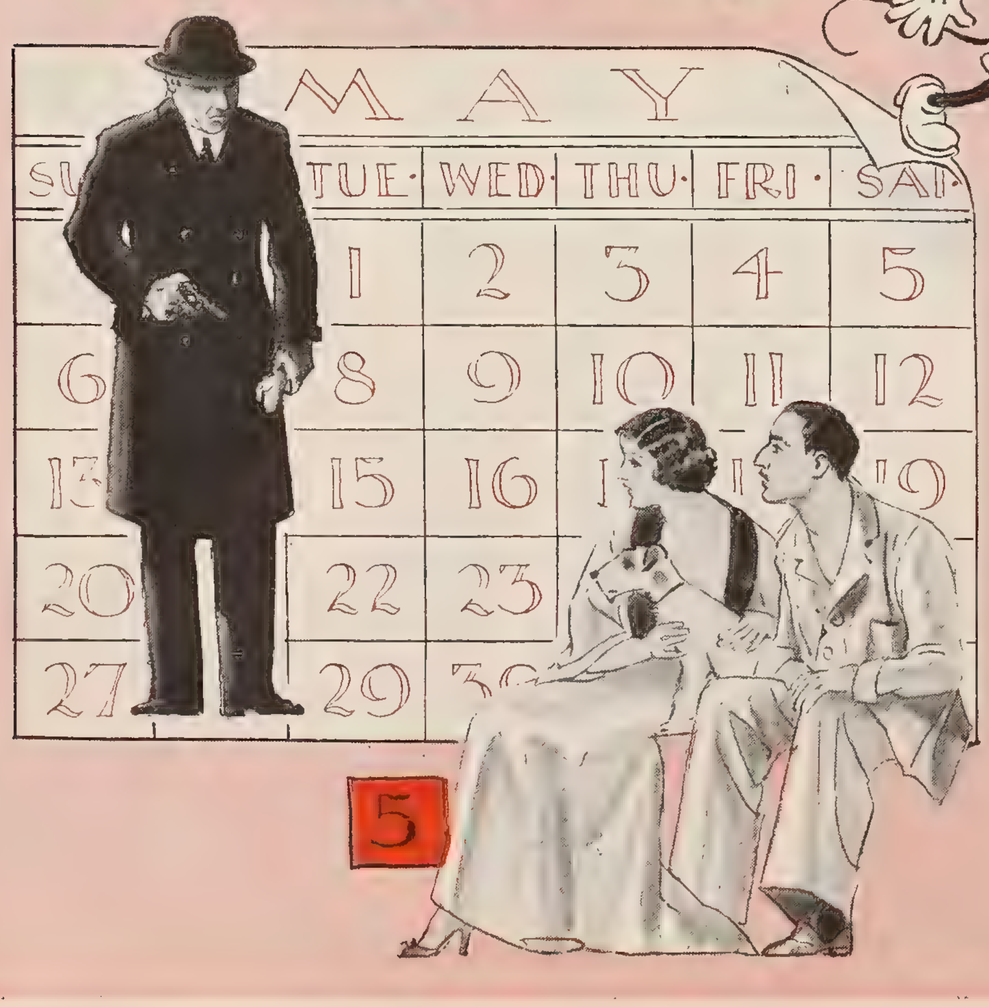
Movie Highlights of the Year

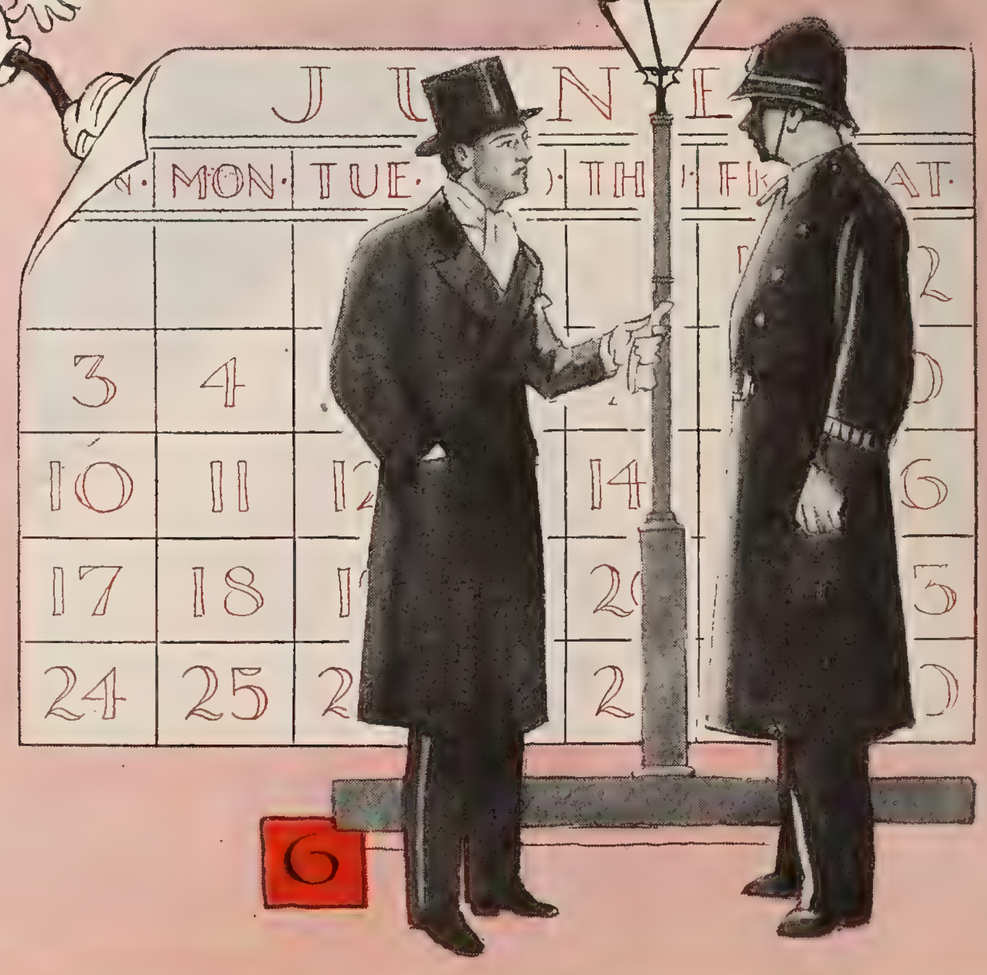














Every month of the past year had its big success. How many of these can you remember? Try, then turn to page 59

WHAT TO EXPECT IN THE NEW FILMS



"The Little Minister" was well-known to your father and mother, with its tale of a girl and a young parson in old Scotland.

Comedies, tragedies, mysteries, romance,— how to pick the show you want to see is always a problem. A glance at New Movie's list will solve it for you

By BARBARA BARRY



"It's a Gift" offers W. C. Fields with old tricks and new, really funny dialogue, and a story about a Hoboken family making a cross-continental tour in an automobile.



Nancy Carroll, a prizefighter, a rival, and a crime that might be committed but isn't, make up the tricky "Jealousy."

PLENTY doing around the studio lots this month. Ye olde reportere is on the verge of writer's cramp and athlete's foot from trekking hither and yon, making jittery jots on the latest studio activities. Not good, but still . . . St. Vitus dance and two broken legs would be worse.

THE MIGHTY BARNUM
•
UNITED ARTISTS

On the "Mighty Barnum" set, we snuck up on a tete-a-tete between Wallace Beery, who plays *Barnum*, and Joe Schenck, financial backer of the enterprise. Expecting to hear a hefty dissertation on over-head, schedule, and stuff, we put on our long, gray beard, cocked our good ear to starboard, and . . . what did we hear? Nothing any more scandalous than the relative merits of "Rainbow" and "Endeavor"; and the swell time Joe had at the real Barnum & Bailey circus, feeding peanuts to the elephants!

While waiting for Director Walter Lang to call for "Action!", we wandered across the stage to a set that represented a nineteenth century "general store," with the old pickle barrels, cracker boxes, and all the things so dear to the hearts of anybody's grandpas. It was a grubby looking place, but the property man assured us that the research work on that particular set had been something to fret about, as every prune and pickle must be true to the period.

Rochelle Hudson, Barnum's ward, wandered about the set in long braids and magenta dimity, while Janet Beecher, Barnum's long-suffering wife, stepped out of smart drawing-room roles, long enough to be severe, though still charming, in corkscrew curls and print gingham.

They were shooting the scene where Janet discovers that her no-good husband has taken the $250.00 she gave him for a ticket back home and (*Please turn to page* 71)



Above: Edward Ellis, Paul Kelly and Edward Arnold in "The President Vanishes."

Below: Claude Rains and Lionel Atwill in a scene from "The Man Who Reclaimed His Head."





"Concealment," with Barbara Stanwyck and Warren William, is a tangle of politics and mystery, while (above, right) Steffi Duna and Regis Toomey offer "Girl of the Islands."





Above: Paul Muni, in "Bordertown," is a Mexican trying to change his nationality.



Francis Lederer is an immigrant, Ginger Rogers is a chorus-girl with a newsboy brother. "Romance in Manhattan" is tearful.



The picture George M. Cohan made in Hollywood was a failure, but it wasn't his fault.



Cohan does a little bit of clowning between takes on "Gambling," for Dorothy Burgess, Director Rowland V. Lee, and the vivacious Wynne Gibson.



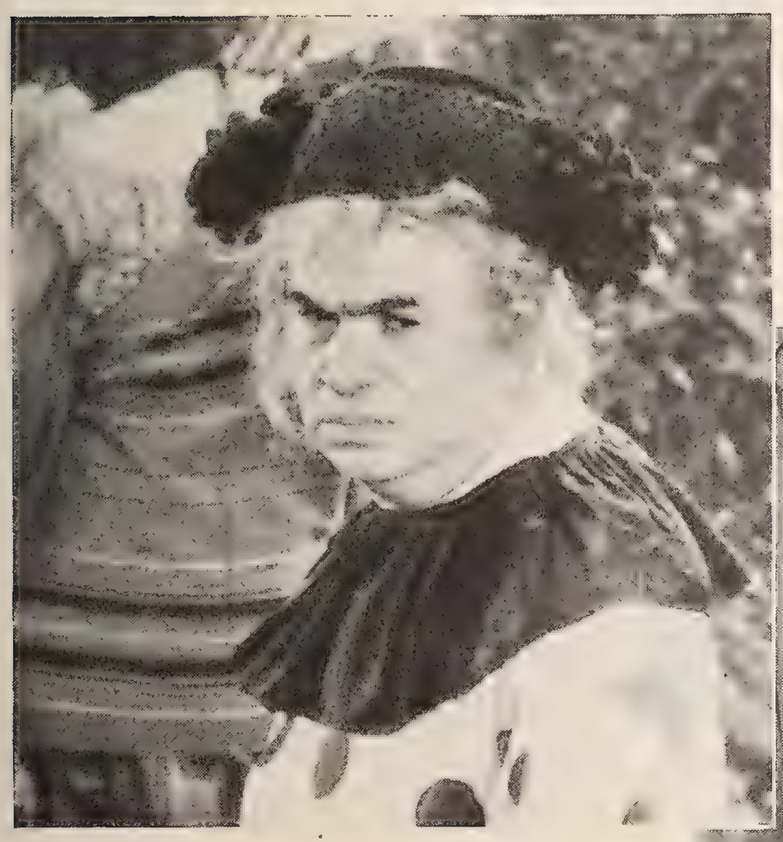
Dancer, playwright, actor, song-writer, millionaire, Cohan is not too proud to lend a helping hand with a curling-iron.



Left: Dorothy Burgess steps into a close-up with Broadway's own "song-and-dance man," who has been called the theater's most gifted jack-of-all-trades.

WILL THE STARS COME TO NEW YORK?

The studios hinted they'd leave California if Upton Sinclair was elected governor. Would it be so awful? Take a look at these stills of pictures now shooting at the studios in the East



Talent of all kinds is plentiful in the East. One player in "Once in a Blue Moon" is the rotund Nikita Balieff, of the famous Russian Ballet.



Right: Jimmy Savo, whom the picture stars, also failed in Hollywood, though his fame in vaudeville is international. With him here is Whitney Bourne who co-stars in this production.

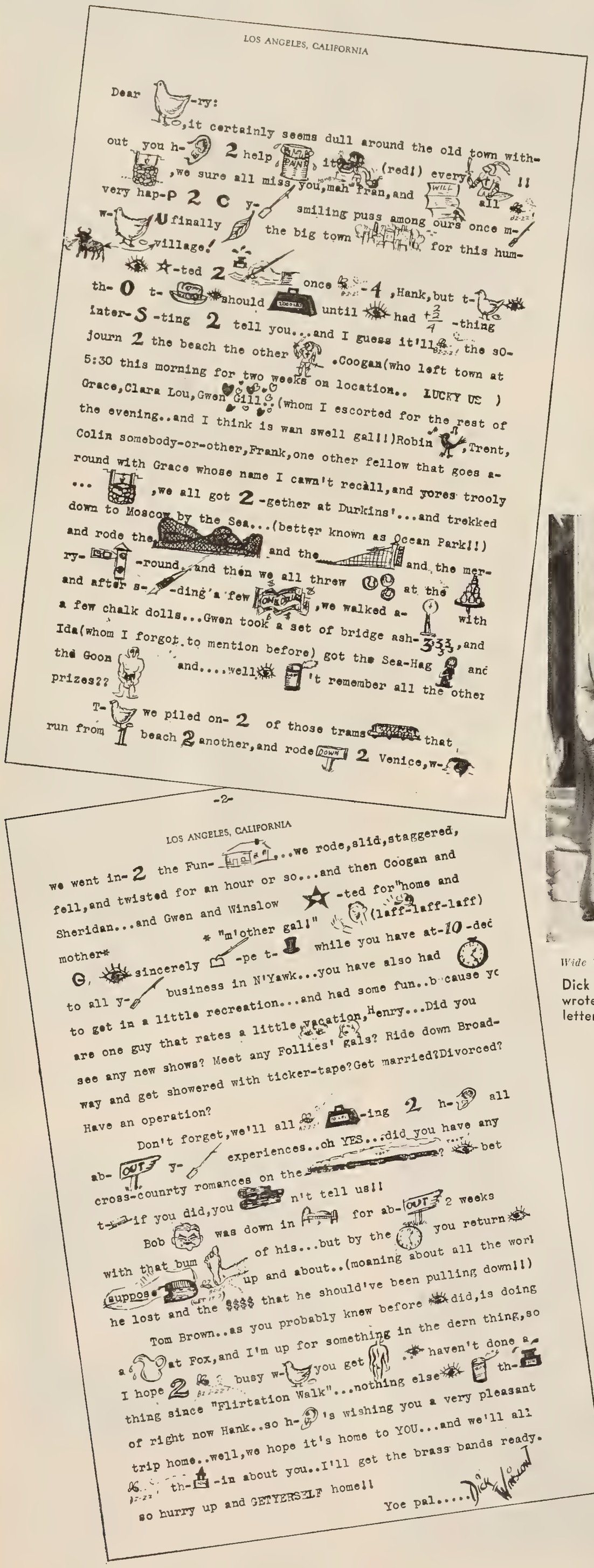


The East goes in for realism. Needing gypsies for extras, the studio hired real ones.



Lovely Edwina Armstrong's is a name you've never heard, yet she may steal the picture and stardom.

News of the Younger Hollywood Set



We keep our promises. The junior stars themselves have written this for you. The letter below is easy enough—but can you read the "rebus" at the left?

HENRY WILLSON, our regular correspondent, decided to take a trip to New York. So, in his absence, his friends Dick Winslow and Ben Alexander have turned out this column for you. Dick you have seen in "Flirtation Walk" and "There's Always Tomorrow," and Ben—grown up now—is the famous child actor of silent film days.

The young fellows and girls referred to by their first names in the letter at the left are all junior Hollywood stars—Jackie Coogan, Grace Durkin, Clara Lou Sheridan, Gwendolyn Gilly, Robbin Ainsley, Trent Durkin, Frank Losee, Ida Lupino, Bob Hoover, and Tom Brown.

And here is Ben's letter:

Dear Henry:—

Family tradition has it that I have been known to write but one letter in my lifetime. With one possible exception (one day circumstances forced me to forge my father's name to a badly scribbled note explaining my absence from school) I should say the claim is quite true. And, were it not that events here in Hollywood demand your attention, I should not think of spoiling so enviable a record. However, understanding your craving for news, I have let down and will endeavor to satisfy your thirst with forty or sixty pages of "Who's doing what and where in Hollywood."



Wide World

Dick Winslow, who wrote the puzzling letter at the left.

Pal, this sudden urge of yours to train-hop to the bright-lights and ticket-scalpers has caused you to miss out on a lot of swell parties: Here's one that was a nifty. You remember Bob Hoover? Oh, of course you do, you know, "Scion of prominent Beverly Hills Family Grabbed for Flickers." Well, Bob had been planning this giddy whirl for some time, everything was set, all the gang invited, and everyone had set that night aside to give it the works, swim, eat, dance, eat again, etc. Now get this: The day before the big party, Hoover was coming back from Catalina in their boat and when he got to the landing forgot how to stop the thing. Instead of waiting for it to run out of gas or something, guess what he did (this'll kill you Graham) he sticks his foot in the fly-wheel. After they had run the engine backwards for about ten minutes they finally get his leg out and rushed it (Bob too) to the hospital. The next day, Bob lying in bed with his leg suspended from the ceiling, tried to phone the gang and call the party off, but no soap. We're not going to let a little thing like a crushed leg interfere with our party. We all hollered like blazes and he had the party. I won't dwell long on the party. Mr. and Mrs. Hoover, pinch-hitting for Bob as hosts, were delightful in their roles and completely baffled me with their ability to be everywhere at once. I have a list here of those present and will pick out a few names at random so you can see just what you missed. Sue Carol heads the stack followed by Jackie Wells—Helen Mack—Anita Louise and Tommy—Jack Coogan—Toby Wing (yes, that's still going)—Eric Linden—George Woolcott—Howard Wilson and Hen—Hey what's this, it says you were there and were the guest of honor too—"Honoring Mr. Henry Willson, Mr. Willson is leaving for New York tomorrow." Well, I can't help it. If Gwynne Pickford hadn't been there I might have seen you but as it was I didn't see any one. Fo-give-me.

Arlene Judge—just say that name over to yourself a couple of times and see if it doesn't do something to you. It does me, makes me think of Coney Island—airplane time-tables—dough in my pocket—Harpo Marx as president—fun in a mad house—lion hunting with tennis racquets. There is something about Judge Jr., that I can never express, she looks always as if she were about to jump through a base drum, or skate through a church, and I wouldn't be a bit surprised if some day she suddenly vanished into thin air. But enough of this, I'm sure you've gathered by now that I think she is tops. We collided on the street the other day and she announced she was about to go to school. After the obvious "Well, its about time" from me she explained that as a matter of fact she and Anita Louise, Tom Brown and Frank Albertson were all going to school together, that it was Fox's idea and they were calling the result "Bachelor of Arts." For your information, Willson, it is John Erskine's latest book, and if that unholy-four will stay in one place long enough to be photographed it should be a pip.

Drove sixty miles the other day to watch the Paramount company shooting "Lives of a Bengal Lancer." On arriving, found the entire company pitching pennies while the corps of second assistants scoured the hills looking for Gary Cooper and Dick Cromwell. Cooper had just gotten a new high-powered rifle with telescopic sights.

Now a few notes copied off my cuff—Polly Ann Young and Bill Bakewell still holding hands—The very newest heat wave is Judith Allen and Don Cook—Ginger and Lew have given up ping-pong for bowling—Please send us all a lot of postcards with a X marking your room then come on home—On second thought, just send the cards.

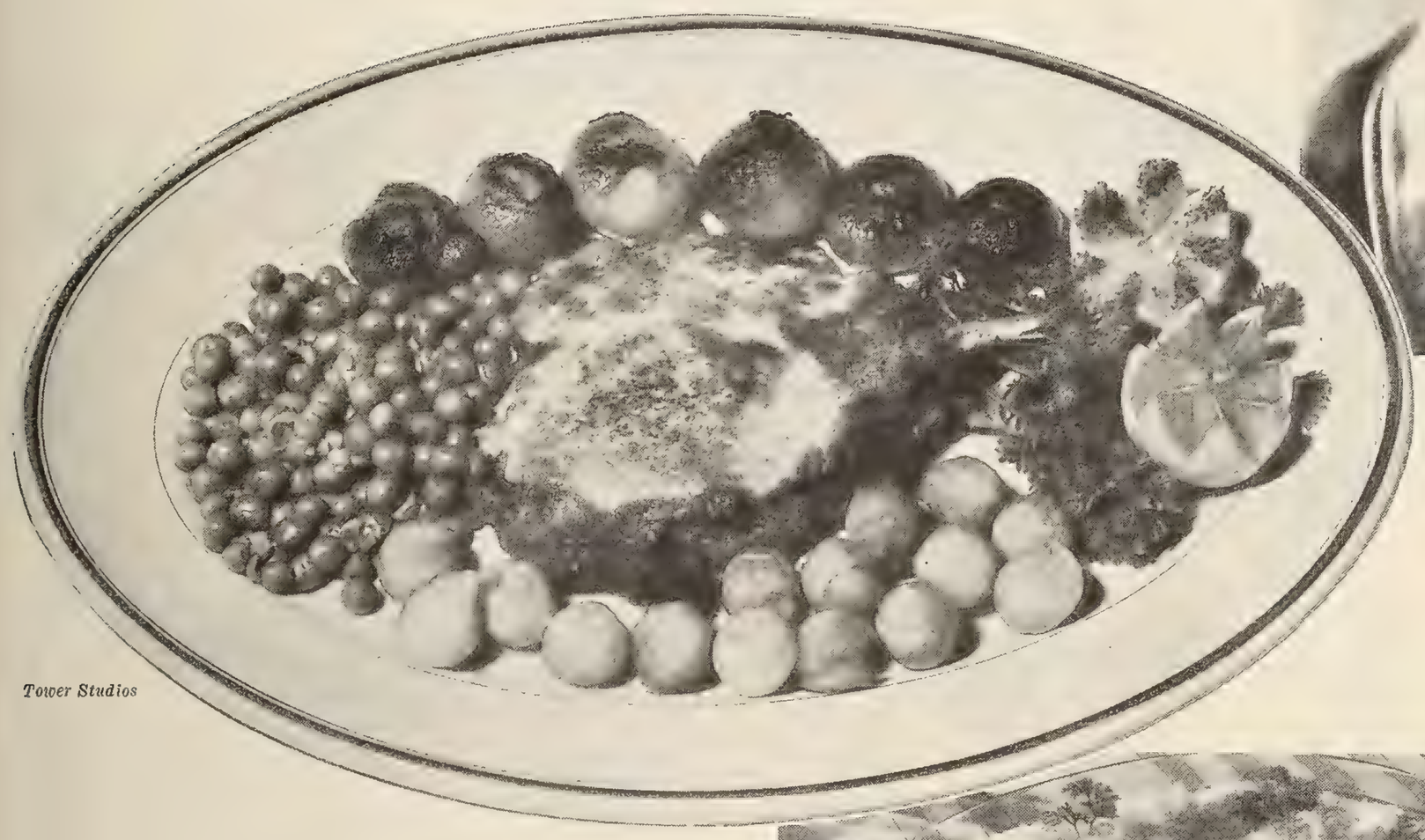
Regards,

BEN ALEXANDER.

THREE SQUARE MEALS

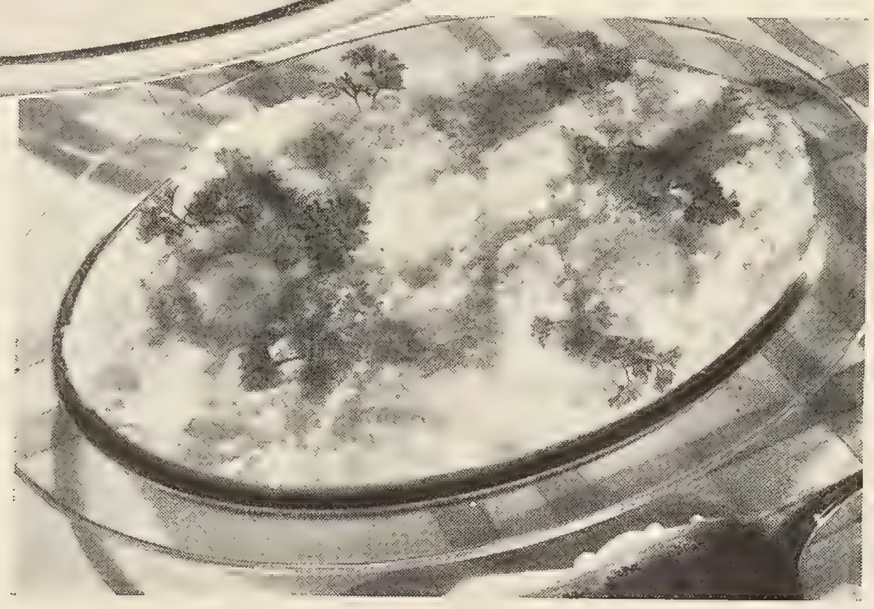
FOR PHILLIPS HOLMES





Tower Studios

(Above) Phillips Holmes, whose latest picture is Universal's "Million-Dollar Ransom." (Left center) Veal Parmigiano, a famous Italian dish that Mr. Holmes orders for luncheon or dinner. (Left below) Rice and poached eggs with grated cheese is another favorite dish of this popular young man.



Fourteen hours of hard work a day in Hollywood call for carefully considered, well-balanced meals

Breakfast at Home (8:30)
Orange juice, grapefruit or stewed prunes; Cereal with cream, or bacon and eggs, or liver; Coffee and toast.

Luncheon at the Studio (12 to 12:30)
Tomato juice cocktail; Substantial meat or egg dish, such as Veal Parmigiano, stew, hash goulash or rice with poached eggs; Salad; Coffee or tea.

Dinner at Home (Any time from 6 to 9)
Soup; Lamb chops, steak, potatoes, peas or other vegetables; Salad; Custard, jelly, rice pudding or other simple dessert; Demi-tasse.

Late supper (At the studio in case of late work)
Substantial sandwiches — preferably ham and eggs—with coffee for all concerned—players and crew.

That, briefly, is what Phillips Holmes, whose latest picture is Universal's "Million Dollar Ransom," indicated as a typical daily diet when working on a picture in Hollywood.

"You food writers have said a lot about Hollywood reducing diets," said Mr. Holmes. "You'd give a fairer picture of Hollywood if you said something about the more substantial diet that an actor has to have if he wants to keep up his strength during the strenuous business of making a picture. Actually I have to eat as much as I possibly can in order to keep from losing weight, and to counteract the exhausting effects of long hours of hard physical work and nervous pressure.

"Let's say we have twenty-eight days at a stretch on a single picture. That means sometimes working seventeen or eighteen hours out of the twenty-four, with an average of fourteen hours every day. It means getting up in time for breakfast at half-past eight, and the only late hours we can keep are the nights we work on the set. Just try going through that on a light diet, and see how you would feel."

Luncheon, as Mr. Holmes explained, is a more or less regular meal, at the studio, but cooks in Hollywood have to be adaptable and dinners are chosen accordingly. The cook can't plan a menu with elaborate dishes that must be served at a precise time. She must have either things that can be prepared and served any time, or things like steaks and chops that need very short preparation.

"Home dinners are of course the best," according to Mr. Holmes, "at least when you are working. If you are able to get off for dinner, you don't stop to take all of your make-up off, and you may be too darn tired to take it off even when you get home, until after you have had some good food to restore your strength. There you are with your three square meals. That's all except for the sandwiches and coffee served on the set when you work nights."

"What about afternoon tea?" ventured the food reporter.

That reminded Mr. Holmes that when Lowell Sherman was working on "Night Life of the Gods," he used to serve tea at four every afternoon, and when Anna Sten was making "Nana" she served tea on the set every afternoon, with just one thimbleful of rum in each cup. And that, in Mr. Holmes' private opinion, is quite the most effective picker-upper in the world for a tired actor.

Try tea a la Sten some time—and if you would like to try two of Mr. Holmes' favorite luncheon dishes—Veal Parmigiano and rice with poached eggs and cheese—send a stamped, self addressed envelope to the food editor, care NEW MOVIE MAGAZINE, 55 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.

YOU TELL US

This department is the People's Academy. The people whose names appear here attend the movies. Their letters serve as a guide to the type of entertainment that they like or dislike. These opinions are their own and do not represent NEW MOVIE'S point of view.

NEW MOVIE MAGAZINE pays one dollar for every interesting and constructive letter published. Address communications to A-Dollar-for-Your-Thoughts, NEW MOVIE MAGAZINE, 55 Fifth Ave., New York, N. Y.

A Keen-Eyed Fan Laurels to recent British-made films. Productions like "The Private Life of Henry the Eighth," "Catherine the Great," "The Constant Nymph," "The Lost Patrol," and "The Good Companions" will find a responsive audience in this country.

Why not recognize the increasing prestige of English-made pictures and print the most interesting high-lights on Britain's movie waterfront? After all, the important thing is good pictures, and not whether they are made in Hollywood or England. But let's have the movie scoops on this side of the Atlantic too.—*Vivianne Paley, 112 Monroe Street, New York, N. Y.*

Congratulations for having noticed it, Vivianne. For the first time, the British films are really clicking. Watch our columns and you'll see that we're reporting on them.

Painted Veil I am anxiously awaiting the new Garbo movie, "Painted Veil," for many reasons.

I have read Maugham's story and studied its movie possibilities, but try as I may, I cannot visualize Garbo as Kitty. It is a great pity that whoever was responsible was permitted the folly of selecting Garbo in this role. How very easily this can ruin a star's career and popularity, a fan's illusions, and a good story! I would have liked such a role to be given Norma Shearer; she alone would give it "just that touch."—*Mrs. Betty Nemecek, 3512 E. 106th Street, Cleveland, Ohio.*

What do you think now that you've seen the picture, Betty?

Shearer's Rebirth After seeing "Riptide" I was thoroughly disgusted with Norma Shearer's acting. I vowed then and there I'd never go to any more of her pictures. All the credit for acting in the picture went to Herbert Marshall and Robert Montgomery.

Now I have witnessed "The Barretts of Wimpole Street" and to me, at least, Norma Shearer has been "reborn," so to speak. She lives like a lady and suffers like one. Perhaps that was what won me. However, she seemed born for such a role and was simply beautiful in (*Please turn to page* 62)



"Una Merkel has only to step out on the screen and audiences everywhere start to chuckle."





"Hats off to Tullio Carminati for his splendid portrayal." And "Laurels to you, Grace Moore. You have proved conclusively that a successful picture doesn't have to depend on sex appeal."

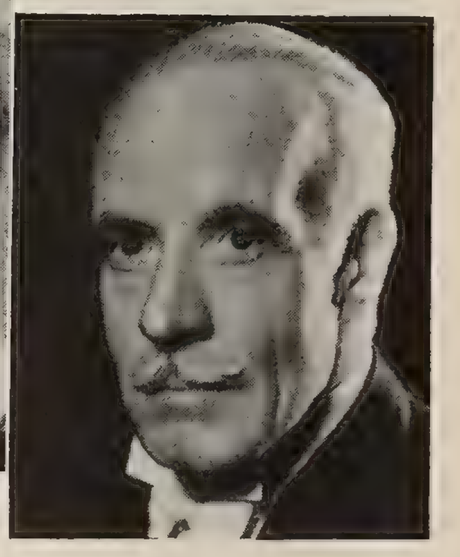


"The thoroughly personable James Dunn" gets praise for "Have a Heart."



Stu Erwin's honest, grinning face cannot be seen too often on the screen, many of our readers agree. He is always entertaining.





"Patsy Kelly! There's a girl I hope we will be seeing more of." And Lewis Stone—"Whether his part is small or indifferent, there he is, always making it count for something."

A NEW MOVIE MAGAZINE FAN WILL PRESENT THESE AWARDS

The People's Academy of Motion Pictures (sponsored by THE NEW MOVIE MAGAZINE) will present twelve gold medals for what the readers of this magazine consider to be the twelve outstanding achievements of the year 1934 in the films. Letters from our readers, carefully tabulated, will be the sole guides to these awards. It is your vote that will count in the final decision!

Address letters to The People's Academy or Dollar Thoughts department of this magazine, 55 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.

Write us what you think. Medals will be given for the following:

1. BEST ALL-AROUND FEATURE PICTURE

2. BEST PERFORMANCE (ACTRESS)

3. BEST PERFORMANCE (ACTOR)

4. BEST MUSICAL PICTURE

5. BEST HUMAN INTEREST PICTURE

6. BEST MYSTERY PICTURE

7. BEST ROMANCE

8. BEST COMEDY

9. BEST SHORT REEL PICTURE

10. BEST NEWSREEL PICTURE

11. BEST DIRECTION

12. BEST STORY

When all these votes are counted at the end of the year, the winners will be named. Then the fan whose vote most closely tallies with the final compilation will be given a trip to New York or Hollywood to present the awards. The stars and producers who win the medals will be there in person to receive them, wherever production schedules permit. All expenses to and from Hollywood or New York and entertainment, hotel accommodations, etc., will be borne by THE NEW MOVIE MAGAZINE. Be sure to cast your votes very carefully and YOU MAY WIN THIS THRILLING TRIP.

Name .....

Address .....

• MOVIE HEADS HAIL TOWER •

New York and Hollywood executives congratulate publisher of Tower Magazines on five years of clean movie magazine editing



WESTE UNIC

Received at 40 Broad Street, (Central Cable Office), New York, N.Y.

SW275 61 NL 1 EXTRA=HOLLYWOOD CALIF 3

MISS CATHERINE MCNELIS, PUBLISHER TOWER MAGAZINES
INCORPORATED=55 FIFTH AVENUE NYK=

MANY HAPPY RETURNS OF THE DAY ON THE FIFTH ANNIVERSARY OF YOUR ORGANIZATION
STOP MUCH CREDIT IS DUE YOU FOR THE INTELLIGENT AND CONSTRUCTIVE MANNER IN
WHICH YOU HAVE HANDLED YOUR FIVE PUBLICATIONS PARTICULARLY QUOTE NEW MOVIE
UNQUOTE STOP YOUR IMPARTIAL AND UTTERLY UNOFFENDING TREATMENT OF PRODUCTIONS
AND PLAYERS IS MOST PRAISEWORTHY STOP BEST WISHES FOR CONTINUED SUCCESS

REGARDS COLUMBIA PICTURES CORP HARRY COHN PRESIDENT

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MISS CATHERINE MCNELIS, TOWER MAGAZINES INC=

DEAR MISS MCNELIS PERMIT ME ON BEHALF OF PARAMOUNT AND THE MOTION PICTURE
INDUSTRY TO CONGRATULATE YOU ON THE FIFTH BIRTHDAY OF YOUR PUBLICATIONS
STOP YOUR PUBLICATIONS ARE A POWERFUL CONTRIBUTING FACTOR IN THE AWAKENING
AND MAINTENANCE OF FAN INTEREST IN MOTION PICTURES STOP THE POLICY OF
YOUR MAGAZINES IN SUPPORTING THE BEST IN SCREEN ENTERTAINMENT HAS BEEN
A VITAL FORCE IN BRINGING ABOUT A STEADY ADVANCE IN MOTION PICTURE

ADOLPH ZUKOR.451P..

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HEARTIEST CONGRATULATIONS ON YOUR FIFTH BIRTHDAY NEW MOVIE
HAS BEEN A MOST WHOLESOME INFLUENCE IN THIS BUSINESS MAY
IT LONG CONTINUE ITS CLEAN INTERESTING METHODS OF HANDLING
THE PERSONAL SIDE OF HOLLYWOOD UNDER YOUR EXPERT GUIDANCE

CARL LAEMMLE.447P..

Postal Telegraph

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55 FIFTH AVE NYC=

MAY I EXTEND MY HEARTIEST CONGRATULATIONS TO YOU AND NEW MOVIE MAGAZINE
ON THE OCCASION OF YOUR FIFTH ANNIVERSARY STOP YOUR PUBLICATION HAS
EVERY REASON TO BE PROUD NOT ONLY OF ITS POSITION IN THE MAGAZINE FIELD
BUT UPON THE RESPECT AND CONFIDENCE IT HAS EARNED FROM EVERYONE CONNECTED
WITH HOLLYWOOD=

JOSEPH M SCHENCK.

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CATHERINE MCNELIS PRESIDENT, TOWER PUBLICATIONS=

THE OCCASION OF THE FIFTH ANNIVERSARY OF NEW MOVIE MAGAZINE
IS INDEED A HAPPY ONE WHEN A MAGAZINE SUCH AS YOURS WHICH
ALWAYS HAS MAINTAINED THE HIGHEST EDITORIAL IDEALS GROWS AND
PROSPERS OVER A PERIOD OF YEARS IT IS GOOD FOR ALL CONCERNED
CONGRATULATIONS AND BEST WISHES FOR YOUR CONTINUED SUCCESS

S R KENT PRESIDENT FOX FILM CORPORATION. 415P.

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TOWER MAGAZINES 55 FIFTH AVE NYK=

CONGRATULATIONS TO THE TOWER MAGAZINES ON THEIR FIFTH ANNIVERSARY AND
A WORD OF APPRECIATION FOR THEIR CONSTRUCTIVE POLICY TOWARD THE SCREEN
STOP IT IS A PLEASURE TO KNOW THAT THESE CLEAN PUBLICATIONS WHICH GO
INTO SO MANY AMERICAN HOMES CARRY ONLY AUTHENTIC STORIES ABOUT HOLLYWOOD
AND ITS PERSONALITIES STOP OUR BEST WISHES FOR THEIR CONTINUED SUCCESS.

B B KAHANE PRESIDENT RKO STUDIOS.

WESTERN UNION

Received at 40 Broad Street, (Central Cable Office), New York, N.Y.

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NEW YORK NY 30OP OCT 16 1934

MISS CATHERINE MCNELIS
DELIVER TOWER MAGAZINES INC 55 FIFTH AVE NYK

I WANT TO CONGRATULATE YOUR ORGANIZATION ON THE FIFTH ANNIVERSARY
OF TOWER MAGAZINES WHICH HAVE NOT ONLY BEEN INTERESTING BUT HAVE
HAD SUCH A COMMENDABLE POLICY

NICHOLAS M SCHENCK

315P

WESTERN UNION

Received at 40 Broad Street, (Central Cable Office), New York, N.Y.

NR104 26 DL=NEW YORK NY OCT 1 410P

MISS CATHERINE MCNELIS=DELIVER TOWER MAGAZINES INC=

ACCEPT MY CONGRATULATIONS FOR THE FIFTH ANNIVERSARY
OF NEW MOVIE AND THE OTHER TOWER PUBLICATIONS AND MY
BEST WISHES FOR THEIR CONTINUED SUCCESS STOP KINDEST
REGARDS

H M WARNER.

Tower Magazines' perfect record of wholesome and entertaining stories about the movie stars and studios elicits hearty endorsement by the heads of the industry as these wires (taken from a hundred congratulatory ones) clearly show. Tower's Fifth Anniversary was also marked by a luncheon tendered Publisher Catherine McNelis by the Associated Motion Picture Advertisers, at which "New Movie" policies were praised by Eddie Cantor, Elsie Janis, Ernst Lubitsch, Ben Hecht, Charles MacArthur, Ginger Rogers, Claire Trevor, Louis Nizer, and W. R. Ferguson, President of the "Ampas."

HOLLYWOOD, PAST and FUTURE

Swami Howe tells the fortunes of the stars!

By HERB HOWE



Drawings by D. B. Holcomb

HERB RATES THEM—13 BEST



Swami Howe, in his best turban, stares into the future with Turpin eyes.

ACTORS:	ACTRESSES:	GOING UP! Names in 1935
W. C. Fields	Helen Hayes	Grace Moore
Paul Muni	Mae West	Fred Astaire
Jean Hersholt	Marjorie Rambeau	Otto Kruger
Charles Laughton	May Robson	Francis Lederer
Walter Connolly	Diana Wynyard	Joan Bennett
Otto Kruger	Greta Garbo	Joe Morrison
James Cagney	Katharine Hepburn	Ketti Gallian
Warner Oland	Alison Skipworth	Virginia Bruce
Jack Oakie	Beryl Mercer	Jean Muir
Leslie Howard	Jean Harlow	Ginger Rogers
Lewis Stone	Elizabeth Bergner	Robert Donat
Charles Ruggles	Ann Harding	And Lucienne Boyer if she can be had.
*	Claudette Colbert	

**Space being held for "World's Greatest Actor," temporarily in dog house for going softie in "Viva Villa."*

BEST CAST PERFORMANCE: Players in "One More River": Diana Wynyard, Frank Lawton, Colin Clive, Mrs. Pat Campbell, Jane Wyatt, Henry Stephenson, C. Aubrey Smith, Lionel Atwill, Alan Mowbray, Reginald Denny, Kathleen Howard, Gilbert Emery, E. E. Clive, Robert Greig, Gunnis Davis, Temple Piggott.

ACE DIRECTORS: Frank Capra, George Cukor, Richard Boleslavski, Ernst Lubitsch, Rene Clair, Alexander Korda, Mervyn LeRoy, James Whale, E. H. Griffith, Sergei Eisenstein.

YOU can't tell fortunes in Hollywood unless you're a preacher. City Fathers passed an ordinance banishing seers, clairvoyants, palmists, witches and pedlers of goofer dust. The only prophet permitted is the weather man who will go on chirping "fair and balmy" or be deported as a Red.

Hollywood is naturally voodoo, with Lady Luck the patron deity. Eventually everyone throbs to the drums of black magic. This is hardly appropriate to a city whose full name is Our Lady the Queen of the Angels.

The civic padres explained in a cautious amendment the law does not pertain to religious leaders. I was not aware parsons made prophecies apart from the generally accepted one that Hollywood is going to hell. Any man in a pulpit can tell us where we're going but if we attempt to tell him we will go straight to the hoosegow and that's no prophecy, it's law.

As a result of the prophecy prohibition, we have bootleggers of futures. And a great increase in religious leaders. An advertisement reads: "Rev. Flora Francis, D.D. (formerly Mme. Francis) Spiritual Advice daily. Business and Personal."

Here is another: "Swami Howe (formerly the Boulevardier) Spiritual Dope on Stars, pasts and futures. Get a load."

WHILE changing from cutaway to robes, I will bore you with an account of my visit to the Padre of the Sierras. In Santa Barbara this Summer I encountered a Wampas Baby star of the year 1920 or thereabouts who sort of peter-panned. She charted her career by stars, numbers, tea grounds, daisy petals and hairs yanked from her husband's head, now bald, and landed on the rocks where she remains as forlorn as a lighthouse. Yet she's still very voodoo. She beguiled me to the Soothsayer—I mean the *Padre*—of the Sierras. He was too too marvelous, she said. At first sight of her he had declared her an actress. I agreed this was too marvelous as no one else ever had guessed it. As I entered the sanctuary the *Padre* shot a finger at me: "You are going to head a big corporation."

Well, God help the poor stockholders, was my own personal reaction.



Right: Herb thinks 1934 will long be remembered as the Year of the Great Plague of Infant Prodigies.



Looking ahead into 1935, Herb sees the future as a jumble of Folies Bergere and Gold Digger Girls with Shakespeare Dante and Dickens. Maybe he's just speaking as one Old Master to another—or do you think it's a nightmare?

"As a boy you were ambitious to be a banker," he said.

"A bandit," I corrected.

"You have one fault—gambling."

"I've played roulette."

"Ah!" he said.

"Ah!" I ah'd, "but that was because I was misled into the Monte Carlo casino by Ramon Novarro, the saint . . ."

"You are an actor!" he boomed triumphantly.

"Sir, there's a limit even to what a *Padre* may . . . ."

"Well, I want to tell you your greatest triumphs are yet to come. Now for your love life," he glanced coyly at the Wampas Baby with the hairless husband. "Be firm with her. She's a child in many ways. She has tantrums. When she gets rambunctious —know what I mean?—paddle her. Spank her. And now do you mind telling me your name?"

"James Cagney," I said.

The point is, if there is a point, that by the time I finish prophesying you, too, may feel you're Cagney. But remember, you can't sock a Swami.

Nineteen-thirty-four will go down in Hollywood history as the year of the Great Purge. Stories are as sweet as new-mown hay. Studios ring with the laughter of infant prodigies, jungle cries of beasties and screams of supervisors. Leo the Lion has been made to purr and part his hair, an example to Boy Scouts. Wampas Babies wear purity seals where they were tanned before. Norma Shearer has been saved and never again will get into a "Riptide." Jean Harlow flaps about bewilderedly wondering how she can change her type. Would her following follow her in black wig and corsets? Mae West's vehicles will bear purity plates fore and marriage licenses aft. George Raft has had an ear done over, changing his entire personality, he feels. Wally Beery, the man who bellowed like a bull, got so kittenish in "Viva Villa" old friends fear he'll be snatched by the angels as a pet for Little Eva up yonder. Lupe has been wrapped in asbestos and packed off to Europe in exchange for Shakespeare, Dickens and Dante who are to have benefit of Hollywood supervision at last.

Thus the Old Year totters out with a kick in the pants. And the New Year whoopsadaisies on with a battalion of child wonders ranging in age from two to thirteen. (Fourteen seems to be the dangerous age—fourteen and over.)

Peering into the Past—

"The House of Rothschild" collected the most green at the box office in 1934.

Mae West was the champ lettuce picker.

Clark Gable led the strong-arm squad which isn't nearly as strong as the weaker sex when it comes to gold digging.

Grace Moore and Shirley Temple were the year's discoveries.

Frank Capra is champeen director with "It Happened One Night."

Columbia Pictures took the doughnuts with "It Happened One Night," "Twentieth Century," "One Night of Love."

The most popular stars according to poll of exhibitors by the Hollywood Reporter:

Mae West, Joan Crawford, Norma Shearer, Kay Francis, Janet Gaynor, Jean Harlow, Claudette Colbert, Shirley Temple, Ann Harding, Margaret Sullavan.

Clark Gable, Will Rogers, Wallace Beery, Bing Crosby, (*Please turn to page* 54)



Clark Gable is just an old ice man having a tong war with the housewives of America.



By JOHN EDGAR WEIR

MUSIC in the MOVIES

All you want to know about those grand tunes in this month's pictures



The charming view of a barber-shop duet above gives you an idea of how Hugh Herbert and Donald Woods perform in "Sweet Adeline." At the left are Douglass Montgomery and June Lang, the young lovers of "Music in the Air."

LOVERS of music in the movies will find much to delight them in several of the new pictures.

In Bing Crosby's latest Paramount production "Here Is My Heart," released this month, you will hear three songs. They are "June in January," "With Every Breath I Take," and "Love is Just Around the Corner." These tunes were fashioned especially for Bing by Leo Robin and Ralph Grainger, who gave us "Love in Bloom." Incidentally, "Love in Bloom" won for these two hit writers the prize awarded by The American Society of Composers, Authors, and Publishers, for the year's best song. Recordings of two of these songs are reviewed by this department.

United Artists also retains its stellar position in the musical picture field with Eddie Cantor's starring vehicle "Kid Millions." Eddie himself sings, among others, "Okay, Toots" and "When My Ship Comes In." And by way of something different revives "Mandy" one of his old Ziegfeld Follies favorites. The vocal charms of Ethel Merman and Ann Sothern further enhance this production.

To launch Joe Penner on his first starring picture, "College Rhythm," Paramount selected the famous song-writing team of Gordon and Revel to write the musical score. These boys who were responsible for the sensational "Did You Ever See a Dream Walking?" have provided a number of excellent songs, outstanding of which are the title number, "College Rhythm," and "Stay As Sweet As You Are."

IN this month's selection of records for review, you will note that the numbers, for the most part, are fox trots of the sweet melodic type, in the same vein as the "Love Thy Neighbor" variety. However, one selection in waltz time makes a bid for favor.

And now let us look at the records.

The outstanding record of the month is, in our opinion, Richard Himber's recording of "June in January" from Bing's picture, "Here Is My Heart." This number is given first place because of the sheer beauty of its melody, its appealing lyric, Joey Nash's splendid vocal, and Richard Himber's excellent interpretation. The number, a sweet melodic type, is ideally suited to the suave Himber style. A unique harp introduction launches his aggregation into one of the outstanding arrangements of the month. Four fiddles lend distinctive charm throughout, and Joey Nash in the vocal does a grand job with an interesting lyric.

The reverse side carries "With Every Breath I Take" from the same production. This one is also of the melodic type but with a more pronounced rhythm, and Himber and his *tunitions* make the most of it. Again Joey Nash does the vocal with fine tonal shading and expression. (Victor)

HITS OF THE MONTH

Best Number

"JUNE IN JANUARY," played by Richard Himber and his orchestra. (Victor)

Also Outstanding

"OKAY TOOTS!", played by the Dorsey Bros. orchestra. (Decca)

"COLLEGE RHYTHM," played by Jolly Coburn and his Society Orchestra. (Victor)

"HAPPINESS AHEAD," played by Ted Lewis and his band. (Decca)

"FLIRTATION WALK," played by Eddie Duchin and his orchestra. (Victor)

OKAY TOOTS! (from the United Artists picture "Kid Millions" starring Eddie Cantor) is played by the Dorsey Brothers orchestra. Obviously designed for the familiar Cantor style, this one is light and rollicking. The Dorseys make it doubly interesting with a haunting three-trombone interlude and a sizzling bit of clarinet interpolation by Jimmy Dorsey. The band trio puts over the vocal in captivating style. If you like jazz in the modernistic manner you'll go for this.

"An Earful of Music," on the opposite side, is more than an earful the way the Dorsey brothers do it, and it's *very* danceable. Brilliant brass work predominates and Kay Webber's swell vocal is also an earful. (Decca)

"COLLEGE RHYTHM" (from the Paramount picture of the same name starring Joe Penner) is played by Jolly Coburn and his society orchestra.

It remained for Gordon and Revel, Hollywood's most versatile tunesmiths, to create something new in campus rhythm. This is it. "College Rhythm" is a clever conglomeration of the fox-trot and rhumba, with even a touch of the negro spiritual. Jolly Coburn and his society orchestra gets everything out of it and that's plenty. A stirring vocal ensemble is its outstanding feature.

In marked contrast, the other side offers "Stay As Sweet As You Are," a really beautiful tune with a fine lyric. A perfectly blended saxophone section furnishes a charming bit of smooth and subdued harmonies. Roy Strom sings the vocal chorus pleasingly. (Victor)

"HAPPINESS AHEAD," from Warner Bros. picture of the same name starring Dick Powell, is played by Ted Lewis and his band.

Maestros come and maestros go but the "high-hatted tragedian of jazz" seems to go on forever. If you're a Ted Lewis fan you'll love this. Ted's inimitable clarinet playing is a standout.

On the reverse of this platter Ted does nobly by "Pop! Goes Your Heart" from the same picture. Although Lewis still retains the style of delivery that made him famous, his band is geared to the modern mood. (Decca)

THE film "The Gay Divorcée" is chock-full of tunes, and the best one in my estimation is Cole Porter's "Night and Day." This is carried over from the original stage play, and played by Eddie Duchin and his orchestra. Unless I am very much mistaken this identical record was turned out by Duchin last year, but neither the tune nor the record has lost anything in that space of time and they are both just as good as ever.

"Speak to Me of Love" is on the other side. It is served up in the distinctive style of Eddie Duchin. Lew Sherwood does the vocal work. (Brunswick)

"LA CUCARACHA," from the film "Viva Villa and the color short, "La Cucaracha," is played in true Latin manner by the Mexican Bluebird Orchestra. Everyone is familiar with this tune by this time, as it seemed to take the country by storm, just as the Peanut Vendor did a few years ago.

"Pajarillo Barranqueno" is the mouthful on the other side. Also played by the Mexican Bluebird Orchestra and on the same order as the one on the preceding side. (Bluebird)

BING CROSBY gives us an enjoyable few minutes with his singing of "I'm Hummin', I'm Singin', I'm Whistlin'" from the picture "She Loves Me Not." I know that everyone who saw the picture will want this record for Bing is just as good on the wax as he is on the screen. Irving Aaronson's orchestra furnishes the instrumental background.

"Give Me a Heart to Sing to" is on the other side. It's sung also by Bing Crosby with Irving Aaronson's orchestra, furnishing the background. (Brunswick)

"IF I HAD A MILLION DOLLARS" (from the Reliance picture, "Transatlantic Merry-Go-Round,") is played by Richard Himber and his orchestra.

Dick Himber returns this time with a fine recording of what may be one of the season's biggest song hits. As in his recording reviewed above, brilliant brass and string ensembles are featured. Joey Nash again does the vocal. The reverse side offers the popular "Stars Fell on Alabama." A subtone clarinet offers a striking contrast playing the melody against a background furnished by the entire ensemble. Vocal chorus by Joey Nash. (Victor).

Your House *and* Your Health



"Come along. You and I are going to inspect this house from top to bottom."

How you live is often far more important to your health than where you live. A striking example of what proper sanitation can do is shown in the Panama Canal Zone. Down there, homes have been made healthful as a result of the work done by the Sanitation Department of the United States Army. Constant vigilance keeps them so. Your home, wherever it is, requires equal vigilance.

Take an inspection trip through your house, from attic to cellar, and see whether the heating, lighting, plumbing and ventilating systems are in condition to give you and your family a full measure of health and safety. Should any of them be repaired, altered, or replaced?

If you find that your house is in apple-pie order, you will be gratified. If you find a condition which should be corrected, you will be glad to do what is necessary to make your home safer, more healthful and more comfortable.



INSPECT THOROUGHLY

Heating

Do your heating arrangements keep your home at an even temperature—about 70°? Have the flues and chimneys been cleaned recently? Is coal gas emitted from furnace or stoves?

Plumbing and Drains

It is essential to health that sewage should be properly disposed of, and that plumbing and drains be kept in repair. Is hot and cold water available for kitchen, bathroom and laundry?

Electric Wiring and Gas Outlets

Defective electric wiring or connections may cause fires. Gas leaks may cause suffocations or explosions. In case of doubt get professional advice. Repairs must be made by a qualified expert.

Ventilation and Screens

Adequate ventilation is important to health, but drafts cause discomfort and also waste fuel. Inspect the casings of doors and windows to see that they open easily and close tightly.

Screens at the proper season are necessary to keep out flies and mosquitoes—disease carriers.

Food Protection

Does your refrigerator hold its temperature between 40° and 50° and keep perishable food in proper condition—especially the milk?

Leaks, Cracks or Breaks

Is there dampness in cellar or attic caused by a leak? Do clogged drain-pipes or gutters at the edge of your roof furnish breeding places for mosquitoes? Is there broken plaster in walls or ceilings in which vermin may breed? Shaky stairs? Weak banisters? Loose boards in floorings? They add to the number of falls—the most frequent of all accidents in homes.

Lighting

Correct lighting is needed to prevent eyestrain. Many a fall has been prevented by properly placed lights—particularly in halls and on stairways.

Garbage

Proper disposal of refuse and garbage is imperative.

METROPOLITAN LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY

FREDERICK H. ECKER, PRESIDENT

ONE MADISON AVE., NEW YORK, N. Y.

© 1934 M. L. I. CO.

Portrait of a WORKING GIRL

And that's just what this is, a pen-portrait of hard-working Madge Evans, by her friend

MARTHA FORD



ONCE upon a time, a little girl sat on a cake of soap and gazed reflectively out at an adult world from the advertising pages of every magazine in the country. She was a *very* little girl, but she had her feet planted firmly on the road to an enviable success as a child actress. Madge Evans became famous. She reigned supreme for a good few years. And then, when the awkward age arrived, with its agony of suddenly sprouting arms and legs, Madge disappeared for a while. When she thought the period of transition safely over, a fully grown but slightly callow maiden made a brief appearance in "Classmates." Pinned-up hair and prematurely lengthened skirts hadn't wrought the hoped-for miracle . . . She had grown up, but her acting ability seemed to have died with her childhood. With the courage of a little warrior, she set to work on herself. She concentrated all her efforts toward rebuilding herself along smoother and surer lines . . . rubbing down rough edges, lowering and softening her youthfully strident voice. She wanted to amount to a great deal again . . . to outstrip any success she'd had before; and she came through with colors flying.

During the years between then and now, she lived as all aspiring young artists live—on often scanty food, miles of discouraging trudging, infrequent work, beautiful visions of future greatness and many, many promises. We compared notes the other day—I was an aspiring young artist myself, but I fell by the wayside—and our experiences tally almost perfectly. Madge, with her eyes a little sorry for the girls we both had been, began the train of reminiscence:

"Remember how elegant soup used to taste at the Automat? And they gave you crackers, too. And didn't you feel a sort of—well, a sort of *glamour* about everything you did? Even to sitting hours in a manager's office, just to get 'no' for an answer! Remember the smells and noises and *feelings* of a New York Summer—when you know all you can possibly get is a stock job or a summer tryout, but you keep hoping? Remember the bus rides up Riverside Drive on Sunday—and how you'd hunt to find the one that took you farthest for your dime? Remember how you scrimped and saved to buy a ticket for a Theatre Guild play? Remember the unholy thrill of rehearsals even if you only played a maid? And did you ever go"—on and on, with giggles and sighs and an occasional nostalgia gripping at our throats.

Madge hates to see the old order change, in spite of being a full-fledged progressive. She hugs the glamour of yesterday to her heart with true appreciation of other times and other artists. She loves the old gods of the theater—as she loves the smell of grease-paint and the tingling challenge of a first night curtain. It hurts her to see an actress, still beautiful and as artistically sure as ever, go down in defeat before someone younger and more blatantly popular. She has learned much by her ability to listen beautifully, particularly to those members of her own profession who have won their spurs in a hard field.



The author of this story, snapped with Madge while Madge was working on her recent "Death on the Diamond."

Madge has a chin. And behind that chin is a supply of determination that could move mountains if mountains needed moving. She can work like a dock-walloper, day and night if necessary. And she can take disappointments with true philosophy. She knows exactly where she's going and approximately how long it's going to take her to get there. She realizes that, not being a genius, her talent must be fortified by unflagging concentration.

She inspires an almost fanatical devotion in the hearts of everyone with whom she works, from grips to stars. And devotion from a grip is devotion indeed. They bow to no studio dictatorship, these fearless and high-handed souls. But she likes them, they know she likes them, and to a man, they would do murder for her. When she doesn't like, she doesn't like, with a vehemence that leaves you gasping. She can lose her temper with all the dash and fury of a summer storm and it's as quickly over. For days afterward, she's apologizing abjectly for the dark clouds her storm has left behind, and does her darndest to smile them away.

She has a somewhat fantastic sense of humor. When she's being particularly dignified and well-behaved, you know that she's shaking herself to pieces inside over her own very private little jokes. There's an imp in Madge's eye that won't be downed. He always manages to appear at the wrong moment, to upset any illusion of good behavior.

The effectiveness of Madge's work lies in its absolute sincerity. She has an almost inspired sense of timing and coordination—an unerring rightness of attack. Her performances are a blend of talent, insight, understanding and good hard work. She couldn't shirk if she wanted to. Once to my knowledge and doubtless a hundred and one times of which I know nothing, she spent from three in the afternoon until eight-thirty at night, making hair and make-up tests. Finally, with apologies for being a "big sissy," she admitted she'd have to rest a moment, because she'd been up since six-thirty that morning and had worked straight through, without stopping to take time off even for lunch.

Madge is impulsively generous, in spite of being a wise and thrifty little business woman. She knows the value of her money, where, when and how to spend it. But a tug at her heart-strings is almost inevitably a tug at her purse-strings—and she gives as freely of herself. I doubt whether anyone who asked for an hour—or two—or three, of her time, wouldn't be told at once, to "come over—do!" Blessed with an extraordinary sense of loyalty—a complete freedom from bridge-table gossip, and a deeply ingrained feeling for fair play, she's the adored leading-lady of this divorce-ridden business. The wives and sweethearts of male Hollywood are at peace when Madge works with their men. While almost every man she meets is a potential swain, Madge feels no urge to poach on any other woman's private property. She plays the game and there is never any doubt about her following all the rules.

In the field of competitive sports, Madge cuts a "mighty fine figger." She rides, swims, plays tennis and golf with inspiring dash and fervor. But she's a darn good lounger, too, when she feels an attack of the "sits" coming on—and sleep is her dear delight. She's a voracious reader, with an insatiable curiosity about people and places and things, but she might enjoy the telephone book if nothing more stimulating happened to be at hand at some particular moment.

She has definite and progressive ideas about life and living, but she never bores you with them—she prefers to do her practising without any preaching. She's an intense modern, but her modernity does not extend to the parts she yearns to play. She has a heavy leaning toward the colorful and romantic, and once played opposite the fiery John of the Brothers Barrymore—at the tender age of thirteen, mind you—in a special performance of "Peter Ibbetson." That must have been a sight to see . . . "her so young and him so haughty."

She's pre-view mad—she'll drive miles to see an unnamed picture. But she'd rather stand in line to buy her ticket than know beforehand what the picture is going to be. She loves the unexpected. "I guess I must have a grab-bag mind," says Madge rather ruefully. "I'm always hoping I'll stick in my thumb and pull out a plum—and once in a while, you know, I actually do."

THE day we had this picture taken, (ed. note, the one shown at the left) Madge was playing a game of watchful waiting on the "Death on the Diamond" set. She has the patience of a baker's dozen of Griseldas, that girl. She sat, practically motionless, for more than an hour, without a flicker of annoyance. She says she can't read or sew or write letters or enjoy any of the usual time-killing devices when she knows she may be called into a scene any moment. "My mind's single-track as well as grab-bag," she sighed, "I've got to concentrate on one thing at a time. But we can talk—come on, let's talk!" And we talked again for a time—of clothes a little and people a lot. Of time and tide and the affairs of man. Of pictures and personalities and the freakish circumstances of popularity. Madge is no idle chatterer. Her conversation has point and verve and a goodly dash of humor. But you can enjoy, with her, those restful silences on which true friendship is based. She is able, with a smile, to make you feel soothed and at peace with the world—or to stimulate your imagination to amusing heights of fancy. Her tastes are universal; her interests are varied and her gifts for companionship are unlimited. I love knowing her.

"They still have the Skin of their teens"

Dermatologist's Report

"Freshness and tone of much younger skin.

Mrs. Henry D. Phelps has an exceptionally clear skin—fine—smooth—free from lines," reported the dermatologist of the skin of Muriel Vanderbilt Phelps, granddaughter of the late W. K. Vanderbilt. "Pond's Cold Cream wipes away lines and discolorations. No other cream can equal it," she says.

"No blemish of any kind,"

said the dermatologist of the skin of Katrina McCormick. "It has unusual delicacy of texture." Speaking of Pond's Cold Cream, Miss McCormick said, "This cream keeps my skin clear, fine-pored and ready for powder."



Muriel Vanderbilt Phelps



Katrina McCormick

Your Skin *can be* *10 years younger than your Age*

COMPARE YOUR SKIN with that of other women your age. With the skin of women you know to be older—or younger—than you are.

Then you will discover for yourself—in actual life—this important scientific fact: *Skin age need not be governed by years.*

Dermatologists say that your skin must be elastic—must have an active circulation. Your glands must supply it with invigorating oils. Then, no matter what your age may be, your skin will look young.

But even as early as the 20's your skin begins to age—unless you give it the extra help it needs.

One Cream alone keeps Age away

You don't need expensive creams and lotions. There is one single cream that answers all the vital needs of your skin. A cream that beautiful women, in every country, depend on daily—Pond's Cold Cream.

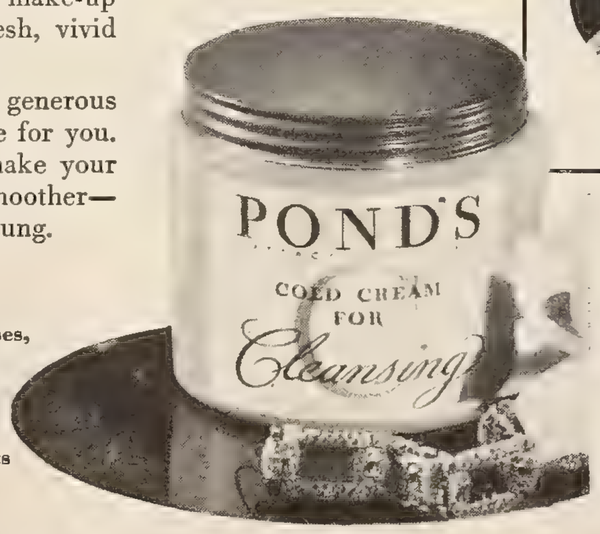
In this one cream are rich, specially processed oils that seem to wipe away age signs. Stubborn skin faults—blemishes—aging lines—drooping contours—all are helped by this wonder-working cream. It brings to your skin that glorious bloom of youth itself.

The lovely porcelain complexions of Muriel Vanderbilt Phelps—of Katrina McCormick—whose portraits are above—are proof of the excellence and effectiveness of this world-famous cream. Use Pond's Cold Cream as they do.

Every night let its luxurious, whipped-cream texture melt into the pores—dissolve dust, make-up, grime. Then, wipe it off. Pat in a second application—let it linger a few moments. Know the full, rich benefits its youth-bringing oils can give.

When you arise in the morning, again treat your skin to this fragrant cream. Then make-up will cling smooth, fresh, vivid throughout the day.

Send right now for a generous 3 days' supply we have for you. See this one cream make your skin clearer—finer—smoother—gloriously fresh and young.



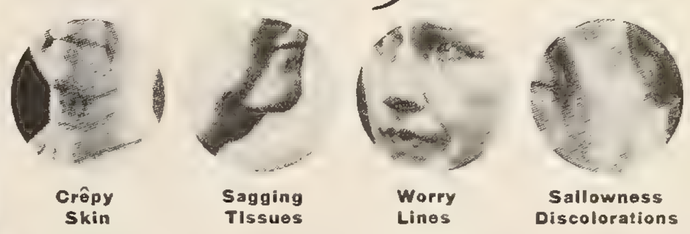
● ***Pond's Cold Cream*** **cleanses, corrects skin faults—prepares for powder.** ***Pond's Liquefying Cream*** **contains the same rich, effective ingredients. It melts instantly on the skin.**

THIS ONE CREAM FIGHTS OFF THESE FAULTS

in 20's



after 30



Send for Generous 3-Day Test

POND'S EXTRACT COMPANY, Dept. A, 48 Hudson Street, New York City
I enclose 10¢ (to cover postage and packing) for a 3 days' supply of Pond's Cold Cream with samples of 2 other Pond's Creams and special boxes of Pond's Face Powder.
I prefer 3 different LIGHT shades of powder ☐
I prefer 3 different DARK shades ☐

Name_____

Street_____

City_____ State_____

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Mrs. Fox's $780,000,000

(*Continued from page* 23)

out their patents in Germany for the photo-electric cell process of recording sound on film. Then they brought their patents to the United States and Fox welcomed them with open arms and a check for $60,000 for the North American rights. Thereupon he established the American Tri-Ergon Company, with himself owning ninety per cent of the stock. He also brought himself years of litigation—with the United States Patent Office and with individuals representing great corporations and business interests determined to obtain the Tri-Ergon rights.

THEN came his financial reverses, due in part to the tremendous ambition of the man to dominate the motion picture world, and due in even larger part to the general financial panic and the depression which followed. There were times, many times, when he was so hard-pressed for cash to stave off bankruptcy that he was forced to hypothecate about everything he owned, including much of his personal fortune. And the time came when in exhaustion of body and soul he sold his voting stock control of his companies. But the Tri-Ergon patents? Never! Some inner voice counselled him to hold on and hold on, come hell or high water. And a very important outer voice, that of Mrs. Eve Fox, his wife, spoke with even more emphatic tone. This lady, who had been, as one might say, his right-hand man in his whole struggle to the top from East Side days, who had worked with him long nights in the making of early pictures, who had been, indeed, his chief aide and lieutenant in a thousand battles, looked forward to the day when the Tri-Ergon patents would be the great instrument for her husband and herself to revolutionize the world of education and culture as well as the world of entertainment. Little by little the interests which came to be associated with Fox raised their bids for the patents until, in 1929 an offer of $25,000,000 was made and refused. But the most dramatic story in all these offers concerns the proposal made to Fox in 1930, at the time he was about to sell out and quit the game.

A GOOD friend of his came to him with an urgent appeal to him to sell the patents to the interests he had been fighting. The friend took the attitude that the patents were valueless and that Fox might as well throw them into the pot with the rest of the properties he was selling. Weary of the struggle, perhaps, doubtful himself, by then, that he could make his ownership stick in the courts, he was almost on the point of giving in when Mrs. Fox stepped into the picture, head high, chin up. She said she had started in an apartment renting for eleven dollars a month and was willing to go back to an eleven-dollar hallroom if she could take those patents with her. And a little later, as William Fox himself told the story to Upton Sinclair, in the biography of Fox entitled: "Upton Sinclair Presents William Fox" this drama was enacted.

"Greenfield was persisting that the transaction be closed, and that the Tri-Ergon patents be surrendered. Mrs. Fox was in the doorway, with only a curtain between us, listening to this conversation. She came into the room and went into a rage of a kind I would never like to see her or anyone in again. It resulted in a terrific expression of frenzy and she finally dropped to the floor and passed out. For a while I thought she was dead. It took us half an hour to bring her to again. It was then that Greenfield realized that he must never again mention the Tri-Ergon patents, and that if ever there was to be a sale (a sale of the Fox picture and theater properties) it would have to be done without those patents."

FOR nearly three years the question of ownership of the patents was in the courts, slowly working its way up to the court of final jurisdiction and to a victory for Fox. And now with victory arises the question of what now and in the future those patents may be worth to the man who clung to them with such desperate grip. He is on record with figures that stagger the mind. He figured $20,000,000 a year from theaters. He figured $3,600,000 a year from motion picture producers. That's for the present. And looking to the future he sees a revenue from churches and classrooms of $325,000,000 a year from those two fields when fully developed. And then he visions the day when 15,000,000 homes will be equipped for sound pictures, at a royalty charge of $1 a week for every home, or the enormous sum of $780,000,000 a year. Fantastic, one may think, but even five per cent of this calculation would realize more than $50,000,000.

ELIMINATING the future, disregarding the day when schools and churches and homes may be equipped for sound pictures and required to pay royalty, these patents would seem to represent the biggest pot of gold ever turned out of the crucible of the United States Patent Office. Fox says that he is not even sure that he will exact royalty from schools and churches, and that the great thing is to benefit education of mind and soul in classroom and church. And Mrs. Fox is very much back of him in that.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Since the preparation of this article the Supreme Court of the United States has voted to reconsider its decision on which the article is based.*

Karloff the Uncanny

(*Continued on page* 27)

of a family of nine. Karloff is the family name on his mother's side; on his father's side all the men were members of the British consular and civil services. His father Boris does not remember at all. He died. Boris was brought up by two older brothers.

In his father's death lies the first instance of the tragedy which has marked his life, for if his father had lived he might have understood the boy. As it was, Boris grew up under the domination of the two brothers who, with the best intentions in the world, led him a crueller life than he would have led in prison. Prison was what his boyhood was. He wanted to be an actor. But acting, to his narrow-minded Victorian brothers, was on a par with stealing. It wasn't "gentlemanly." They forced him into the University of London to prepare for the consular service.

It made him so miserable that he felt the only thing for him to do was to say good-bye to his family, his home, all that he knew, and disappear from them forever. For a boy of twenty-two, that is bitterness indeed! Boris somehow scraped enough money together to buy a cheap passage to Canada. He caught a ship and said good-bye to England. And then began the series of hopeless adventures that were to go on for twenty years—adventures which included a few jobs in stock companies, many at manual labor.

Commentators have talked a lot about one episode in Boris' life. Of how he trundled 300-pound casks of putty from the warehouse to his truck, drove twenty-five miles, unloaded them, and went back again for another load. They don't know that it was only one job in twenty like it—that the same sort of things, and worse, had been going on for fifteen years! Nor do they know of the incident which occurred while he was driving the truck, which would have broken his heart if his heart had not already been broken a dozen times over. They miss the whole point. It wasn't the work. Boris was used to work, and he had muscles like a stevedore. But he wanted to act! It was the not being given a chance to act! When he was carting casks of putty and sacks of cement around, no less a producer than Richard Walton Tully called him and offered him a chance to play the lead in a silent picture version of "Svengali"—and then took the job away from him because he wasn't well enough known. Not well enough known! Didn't Boris know it? For fifteen years he had been begging for a chance to show what he could do, to become well known. And then to have the chance to become known offered to him and simultaneously taken away from him because he wasn't known! What irony! How many men would have gone on, after that?

And yet he can say, today, "People go through life magnifying small, unpleasant incidents. One should forget them just because there are so many of them. One should look at the happiness which may lie in the future, never dwell in the past." That is the saving philosophy that carried him through.

No wonder Boris thinks that one of the great immortals is the doctor who invented anæsthetics for hospitals. "Years ago there used to be an expression, 'to bite the bullet,' " he says. "A wounded soldier, brought in to have his leg cut off, was given a bullet during the operation and told to bite down on it, to keep him from shrieking in agony. The man who first taught surgeons how to use anæsthetics is immortal, to me, because he has saved us pain." Is it any wonder that Boris should talk so much of pain? He knows what pain is—mental pain—the pain of knowing you have a job to do in life, knowing that you are cut out for an acting career, when the only work anyone will give you is swinging a shovel!

"Things can only hurt you as long as you let them stay with you," is another of his sayings. "The thing to do is dismiss them. Don't build up and dwell on them.
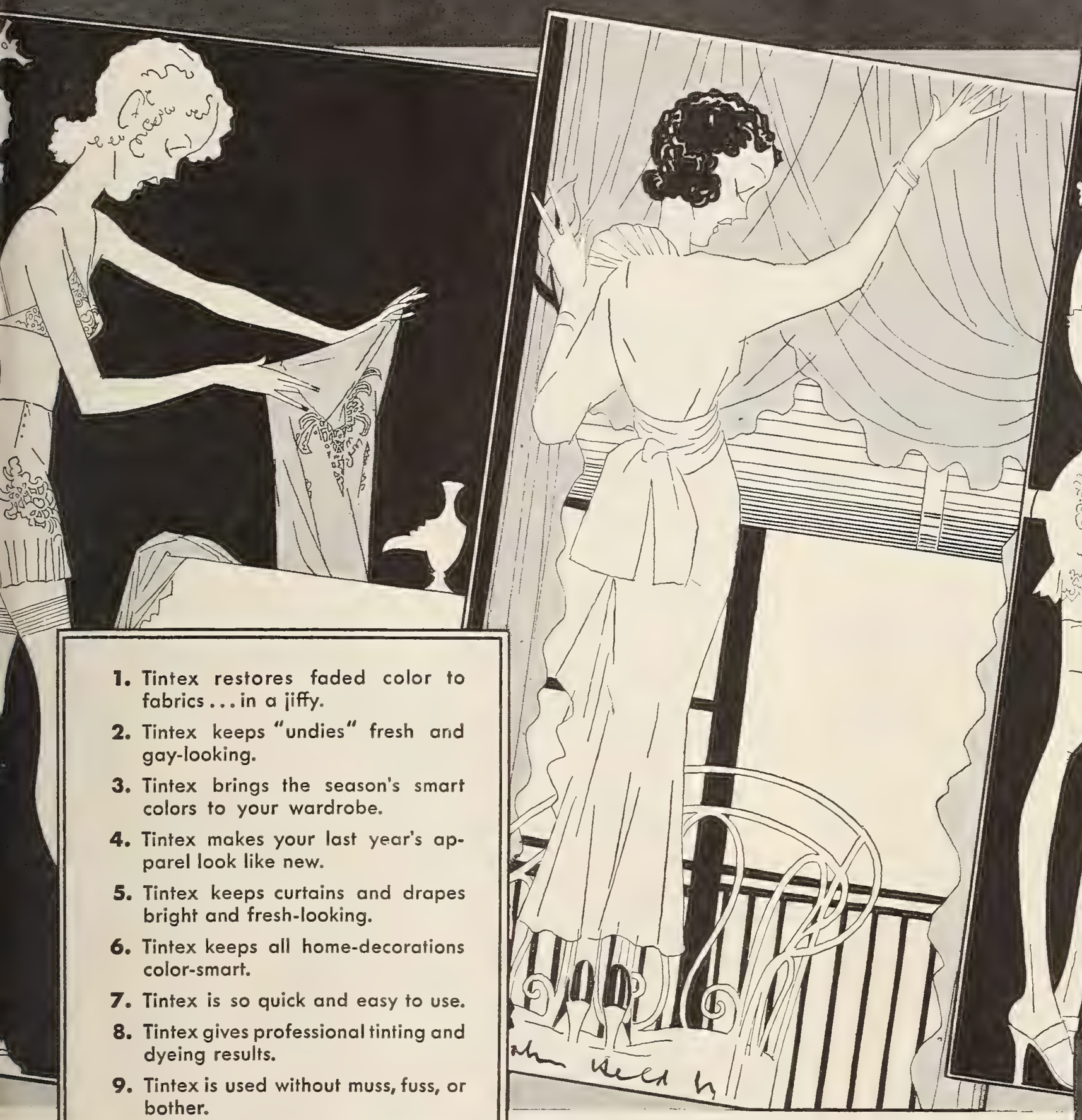
"Some people think of me as a mystic," he once told me. "My mysticism lies in the one word, 'tomorrow.' Do your best today and tomorrow will take care of itself. I know that now. But—never think of yesterday. Yesterday is gone. Yesterday is dead."

Boris is not able to let himself think of yesterday because yesterday, for him, always has been too horrible. If he remembered it, if he let himself think of it, he might not be able to go on. Yet—whether he has let himself think of it or not—yesterday has marked him. It put those deep lines in his cheeks. It put those shadows under his deep-set eyes. Bitterness, and tragedy, and long failure, as the years rolled by, chiselled and etched his face into a stark sculpture, giving it character, giving it power, giving it a mysterious inner compulsion.

Today Boris is happy. He is preparing "The Return of Frankenstein." He lives in Katharine Hepburn's old home in Coldwater Canon—an old Spanish house with walls a foot thick, rambling over three acres of sunny hillside planted to apricots, avocados, and flowers. He is married, to a tall, statuesque, lovely wife—blond and charming and understanding.

His tragic life has taught him not to ask for much. He doesn't want to be rich, he doesn't want any limousines or servants or luxury—he just wants to work in pictures and putter in his flower garden in between times. He raises terriers and chickens as a sideline. He is at peace.

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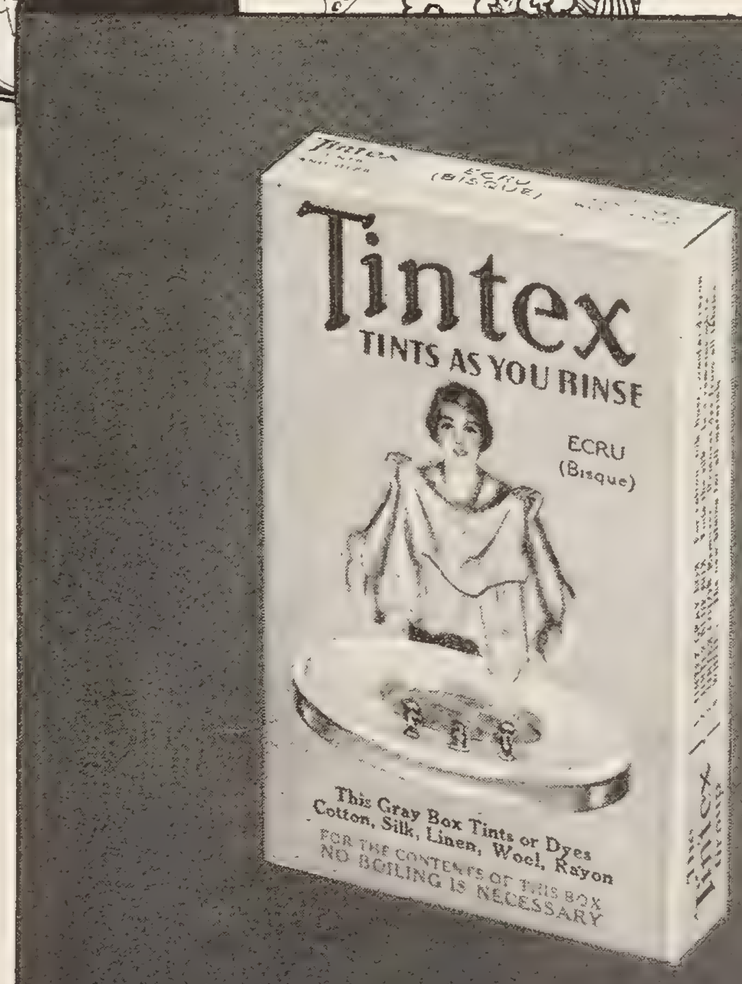
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IN A LAXATIVE FOR WOMEN



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Your delicate feminine system was never meant to endure the shock of harsh, violent purgatives or cathartics. They weaken you. They often leave bad after-effects. *Madam, you must avoid them!*

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When Nature forgets—remember

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THE CHOCOLATED LAXATIVE

That Mad Shearer!

(*Continued from page 4*)

what it did when they were there a month ago. When Norma mentioned building the fireplace, the household said "It can't be done." They might have known that meant Norma would certainly build it!

When I pressed Norma to know if she were born as dignified and aloof as all of her admirers think she is, she laughed heartily.

"I've tried to discover where that impression originated," she said, for it *does* seem to exist. I was not conscious of trying to achieve that effect, nor have I ever been, but in the early days I was so nervous and terribly frightened at the thought of any public appearance, where attention might be directed toward me. The more nervous I became, the calmer I was . . . almost stolid in fact. It is so yet. This calmness gives one the appearance of dignity. It is probably my nearest approach to deserving the title. In addition to this, the parts I have portrayed might have strengthened that impression."

WHEN Norma is hurt she cries. She never pouts. She refuses to poison her system with pent-up emotions. She has to talk it out. No matter who is responsible for the hurt, Mr. Thalberg has to hear it all and many times he is kept awake all hours listening to her while she "talks it out."

She doesn't play practical jokes on other people, but takes those played on her in great fun. Mr. Thalberg is constantly thinking up a practical joke to try on her when he comes home. She's usually watching for it, but if she happens to see through it, she doesn't cheat him out of his fun.

She hates cards, but loves games of all other kinds. Since her return from Europe, she seems to enjoy parties more. However, she rarely indulges herself more than once a week while she is working. She goes to bed at nine o'clock then, and feels she is robbing both herself and the studio if she stays up until twelve o'clock at a party. But Saturday night is a delight, and she looks forward to it like a girl of fourteen. She can then stay up until four o'clock in the morning if she cares to. She adores working like a Trojan all week and playing gloriously on Saturday night.

She never releases any of her emotions by going skating or taking in the attractions at the Venice Pleasure Pier, but she would just love to sit by the ocean and meditate for hours, if ever she could find the time. She loves costume parties and is always terribly excited until she is there but she has no longings to impersonate a certain character each time. She doesn't ever long to be a man and do the things that men do. She is perfectly satisfied that she is entirely feminine.

But, when Norma sees a sloping hill, covered with well-cut grass, she has a perfectly insane desire to roll down it. While she was making "The Barretts of Wimpole Street" they were on location at the Busch Gardens in Pasadena. The company missed Norma between scenes and after searching vainly for an hour or so, found her on one of the sloping lawns, rolling down the hill with a little ten-year-old boy who had come to watch the picture being made. I will bet my last dime she is the kind that slid down the banister rail every time she got a chance.

And how I laugh about her umbrellas. She never has one. Last year she determined this condition should be corrected, so she proceeded to buy an umbrella in almost every color obtainable, so she would be certain to have one to match any outfit she wore on a rainy day. And she ended by leaving them all at home and always having to borrow an umbrella from her maid to go from her dressing-room to the stage!

She is about the most conscientious person I know, yet she never keeps appointments promptly! The trouble is, she plans to do twice as many things as it would be humanly possible for one person to do in a day. One of the things that Mr. Thalberg teases her about a great deal is the lists that she makes up, with such meticulous care, of all the things she will do the following day. A typical list would read something like this:

"Shop for Mother, buy magazines, call Mary, place ad in paper, send present to Helen—(baby's birthday), see interviewers, buy ties for Irving, fit shoes, read story for next picture, matinee with Sister.

Mr. Thalberg loves to find these lists and there is a great scramble over them. He likes to tease her about the things she could not do.

She always runs upstairs. No one has ever seen her walk upstairs to her dressing-room on the M-G-M lot. And her servants have long since ceased imploring her not to run up the stairs at home.

She likes eating from other peoples' plates. No one is safe near her if they are eating something that is not on her plate. Because of this Irving calls her a "snitcher." And she has never learned to eat lettuce with a fork. Always takes it with her fingers.

WHEN the Thalbergs were abroad, Norma took many dresses, yet "never had anything to wear." Never the right garment for the climate. On a cold day in Algiers, she found herself in chiffon. If it were very warm, she was certain to be dressed in tweeds.

And she is as bad as her friend Helen Hayes about making all plans for a party and discovering at the eleventh hour, she has not invited a guest!

She drives the photographers mad. Yet they are all crazy to photograph her. She will have an appointment for 10:30 in the morning and after repeated phoning, every half hour, that she will be a little late, she finally arrives at perhaps 4:00 P.M., and then keeps the photographer working like fury until nine o'clock or later, wholly unconscious of the fact that it is night. But is the photographer pleased when he sees the finished pictures! He certainly feels it was worth all the waiting.

You may imagine, in your picture of Norma as a model of perfection, that she always has her lines letter-perfect before her picture begins. Don't believe it. When she was making "The Barretts of Wimpole Street" and discovered that Laughton came on to the set without knowing his lines, she became his friend for life. Now, she thought, she wouldn't be alone in her embarrassment when Mr. Thalberg came out to hear the rehearsal.

Where then, is your cold, aloof, precise, dignified Norma Shearer? I'll tell you where she is on Sunday evenings: sitting at the piano with her husband, singing all the old-fashioned music of fifty years ago. First, he picks it out on the piano with one finger. Then when she can stand that no longer, she plays it herself (you may recall that she was a fine musician). He tells her *she cannot* sing, and she tells him that *he can*. So between them they have a great time. Now you *know* she is mad! A great, famous, glamorous star being content to sit at home Sunday evenings and sing old-fashioned songs with her husband! It hardly seems possible and if this isn't enough to convince you completely, then I'll let you in on the deepest and darkest secret of all: she even bites her finger nails!



From Hap Lee's Gag-Bag

GUIDE (On sight-seeing tour around Hollywood): "And now we are passing the home of Mae West."
COLLEGE BOY (Jumping off bus): "That's what you think!"



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COLORLESS



BLACK OR WHITE BRISTLES



BLUE, BROWN, BLUE-GREY, VIOLET AND GREEN

Hollywood Past and Future

(*Continued from page* 45)

George Arliss, Dick Powell, Eddie Cantor, Joe E. Brown, James Cagney, Fredric March.

The rating is gauged by profits on their pictures. This is not a true gauge. Some stars had more sumptuous productions than others. George Arliss, for example, had the benefit of "The House of Rothschild," a draw in itself. Norma Shearer had the aid of stronger supporting names than other stars had. Dick Powell can't be given sole credit for the musical shows in which he appeared inasmuch as there were other stars with him (to say nothing of them there Busby Berkeley rascals). The same pertains to Eddie Cantor's rating. For many, no doubt, Eddie was just the funny little fellow buzzing amid the Goldwyn Flowers.

GARBO does not appear among the mighty ten. "Queen Christina" was stuffy, stagey, talky. Garbo dipped, and out bounded the old Hollywood cheer squad to dirge its favorite ditty entitled, "Finished." Garbo will collect with a good picture. She will not be the major sensation.

That other glamour gal, Marlene Dietrich, has also gone up a side street. What can a gal do when her director goes for gargoyles? Marlene is just a moving illustration in Mr. Von Sternberg's art work.

Stroking the beard of the prophet, I get these vibrations:

Mae West has a rival sensation in Grace Moore. Miss Moore revealed, to the surprise of nearly everyone, that the public has become high-minded musically. I predicted some time ago opera, edited and modernized, would be a success but no one heard me because of the yowls of the tin pan alley-ites who rate as composers in Hollywood.

I don't mean to join the cheer squad in a chant over Mae's remains. Mae became an American Institution over night and anyone aiming to overthrow an Institution is a Red. Without appearing on the screen Mae could earn her daily diamonds producing. There isn't a smarter showman out here on the West Coast than Lady Barnum.

Warners haven't done right by our Joan Blondell. She could rate with Mae West and Jean Harlow as one of the three star comediennes. I foresee the boys doing better by Blondell the coming year.

Richard Barthelmess having graduated from stardom can come back in chosen roles, a splendid actor.

Maurice Chevalier will soon heed the call of France or the stage. That Merry Widow waltz just about winded Maurice.

Jeanette MacDonald grows in beauty, acting, voice. She is a 1935 sure winnah.

William Powell will make ten pictures and because he is expert his stock will rise.

W. C. Fields should come into the clover of wider appreciation as the screen's best comedian.

Jack Oakie is another who ought to get more credit.

Fredric March declaiming and outbarrymoring John should excel playing actors. He will certainly prosper.

Bing Crosby is a vocal vogue. 1935 is somewhat doubtful.

Norma Shearer in lavish productions has every chance to gain, particularly if she gets rid of mannerisms and projects thought and feeling.

Ronald Colman is liable to climb back in the 1935 list. Something about the man *holds 'em.*

Clark Gable is liked by men but it's the women who put him way up there. Should doff tux fer denims. Has the ice man's appeal for housewives.

Myrna Loy has mounted slowly and for that reason will probably linger longer.

Tom Brown is the American Kid. They ought to toss him some college and military roles.

Will Rogers, another American Institution, who will last until the Republicans return and that is as far as I can see into the future.

Oh why, as Mrs. Pat Campbell exclaimed over her fancy work, did I ever start this?

But I got to say some words on James Cagney. There is electricity in the boy. If you like him—I mean on the screen, I don't know him personally—your enthusiasm is liable to mount a soap box. That's the sort of roles he should get — rabble-rousers. Fighter for a cause, right or wrong. A hero of current issues. The late Wilson Mizner declared Cagney gave the screen's greatest performance in "Winner Take All." No one beats him for fire and sincerity. Considering the prejudicing moll-smacking roles and the mediocrity of many pictures, he has done extraordinarily well to land among the Big Ten.

IN closing, it is very gratifying to Swami Howe to predict we are ascending to a higher plane. The enlistment of Max Reinhardt to produce "A Midsummer Night's Dream"—for which, by the way, the author, Mr. Shakespeare, should receive some credit—is a bright augury. While with Warner Brothers he probably will produce "The Miracle." Fox is giving Dante a chance with "Inferno." Dickens gets a break at Universal with "Great Expectations," offering additional zest in the debut of Henry Hull. M-G-M is doing "David Copperfield" with great players, among them the excellent Frank Lawton of "One More River." Thalberg is doing "Marie Antoinette" in magnificence of setting and cast. History, Religion, Biography are on tap at vigorous young 20th Century; George Arliss as Cardinal Richelieu. Ronald Colman as Clive of India with a herd of elephants, Wallace Beery as the Mighty Barnum with a flock of freaks.

If these sound a little too heady and moral to the kiddies I might add we have the "Folies Bergere" and "Gold-Diggers of 1935" to look forward to. And there's always Mae to fall back on. Umph!

DIET PROBLEMS of THE STARS

Conducted by DR. HENRY KATZ



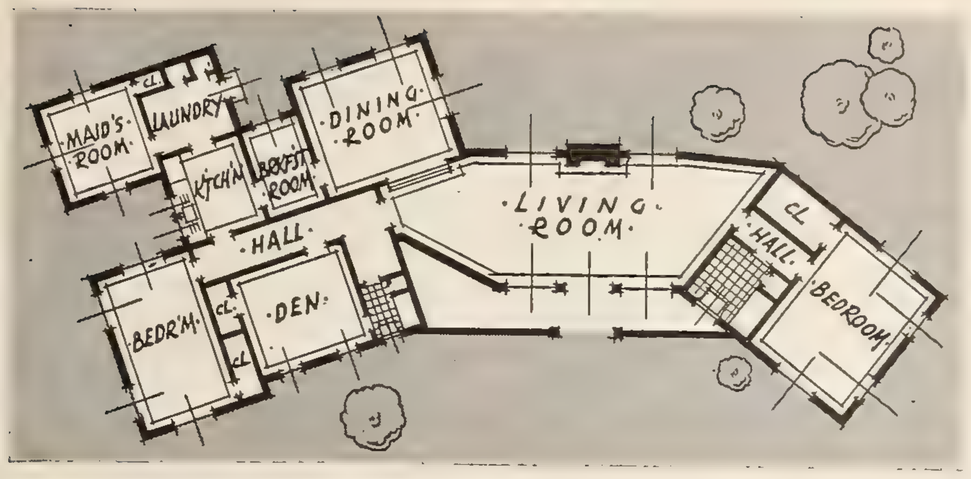
This new department in NEW MOVIE MAGAZINE is conducted by Dr. Henry Katz, experienced general practitioner and member of the staff of Fordham Pediatric Clinic, New York. If you would like expert advice about any questions of food or diet, send them to Mary Marshall, 55 Fifth Avenue, New York City. Dr. Katz will personally direct the answer to your problem unless it is one that calls for advice of your family physician. Questions and answers of special interest will be published—with senders' names omitted—in this department, except where special request is made not to have the answer used in this way. Letters should enclose stamp, or stamped, addressed envelope for reply.

THE question of weight in Hollywood is brought up in a letter from a reader of NEW MOVIE MAGAZINE that runs as follows:

"I would like to get a doctor's opinion about the fashion for excessively slender silhouettes in Hollywood. I have learned that Claudette Colbert is five feet, five inches tall and weighs only one hundred and three pounds, Kay Francis is five feet, four inches tall and weighs only one hundred and twelve pounds. This, I believe is typical, yet such weights are below normal according to the health experts. I would like to know if actresses who remain as underweight as this run the risk of injuring their health and whether it is safe for other girls to follow."

To begin with we should remember that outstanding stars of the movies are unusual people. They are exceptions to the rule, not only in appearance and personality, but in physical endurance. It would not be a good plan for a young girl of average endurance to imitate these women in this matter.

We should also remember that these actresses keep down their weight by systematic exercises and carefully regulated diet under the supervision of doctors. They usually have good long vacations for a part of the year, and are able to leave Hollywood for a change of climate when this is advisable to keep in good physical condition.



Evelyn Venable's HOLLYWOOD HOME

IN a setting of lovely old pepper trees, informal vines and shrubbery is the Hollywood home of Evelyn Venable, Paramount star. Like so many of the homes in this locality it is Spanish in style and built on low rambling lines. The exterior of the house is constructed of white stucco and is extremely simple in design. Ornamental touches are provided by the red tile decoration over the front entrance and the wrought iron railing across the terrace.

The plan of the house consists of a very large and oddly shaped dropped living-room with an open fireplace, a good-size dining-room well arranged for placing furniture, a small but adequate breakfast room, a kitchen, laundry and maid's room forming a separate wing, Evelyn's own bedroom, den and bath, and at the opposite end of the house a bedroom and bath occupied by Evelyn's father. All of the bedrooms are provided with three-way ventilation.

The furnishings and decorations throughout are simple and are in keeping with the architectural character of the house.

• • •

Letters from readers of NEW MOVIE *show a keen interest in homes of motion-picture actors and actresses. The plans of these houses in and about Hollywood not only provide an interesting picture of the home life of these celebrities, but offer helpful suggestions to home builders everywhere. If you are interested in the house of your favorite player, send in the name to Tower House Editor,* NEW MOVIE MAGAZINE, *55 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.*

The charm of the simple architectural style of Evelyn Venable's Hollywood home is enhanced by its setting of lovely trees and informal shrubbery.

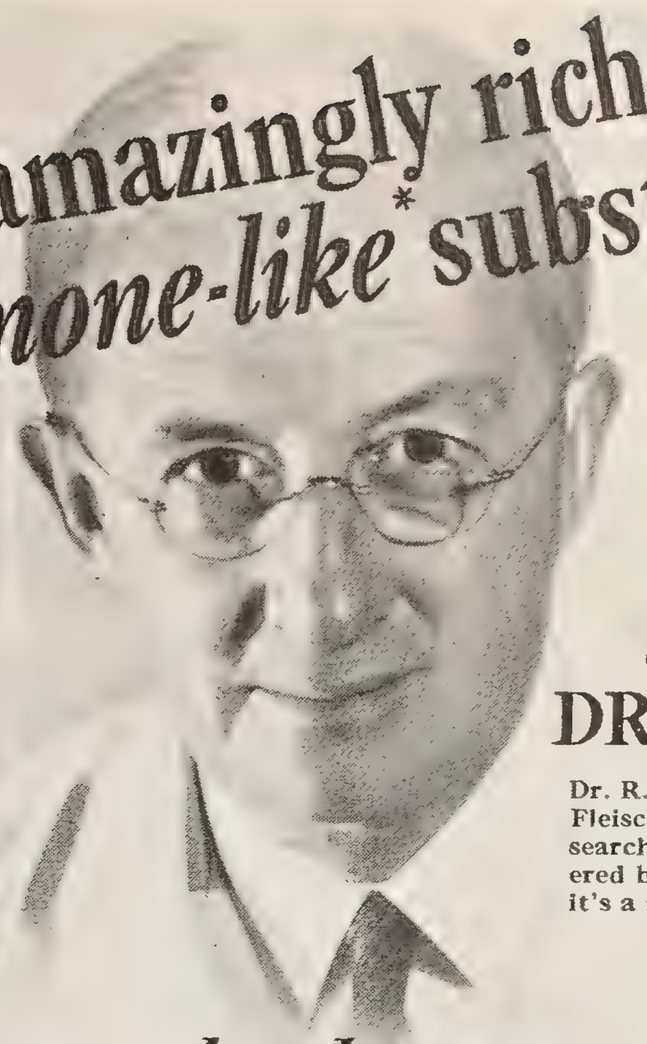
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From her arch doorway Evelyn looks out upon the lovely garden surrounding the house.



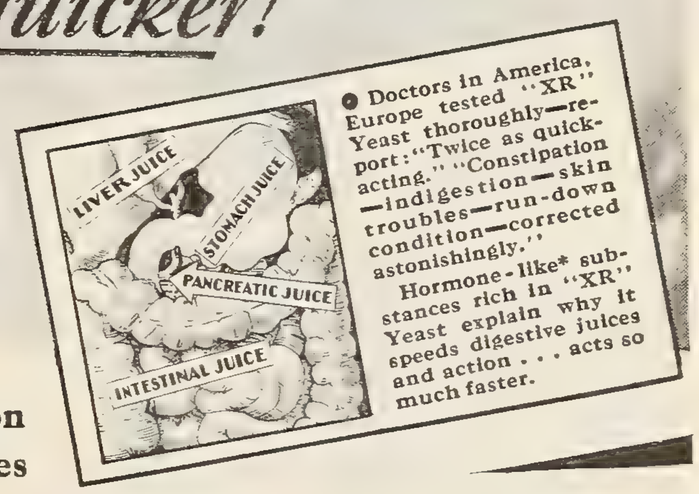
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explains DR. R. E. LEE

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"... that's why this new yeast acts quicker!"



Constipation, Indigestion and related skin troubles corrected much sooner. (New Vitamin A checks colds!)

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They are "activators" (like natural body stimulants) which speed the flow of your digestive juices and strengthen digestive muscles *from the stomach right on down.*

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EAT 3 CAKES of Fleischmann's "XR" Yeast every day—plain, or dissolved in one-third glass of water—preferably half an hour before meals. It's a *food*—remember. Keep on *after* you've got quick results, till you're *really well!* Discontinue cathartics (if you're taking them) gradually. Get a supply of Fleischmann's "XR" Yeast!



● "Fleischmann's new 'XR' Yeast is much faster than the old," writes Mrs. Helen Van Pelt, Stapleton, N. Y. "My whole system was sluggish . . . I had headaches, no appetite. I ate 'XR' Yeast and in just a few days felt grand."

(As good as ever for baking!)



Fleischmann's XR *Yeast*

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Brown & Williamson Tobacco Corp., Louisville, Ky.

The Sweetest Love Story

(*Continued from page* 26)

girls have known and enjoyed . . . rather, pain and sorrow have touched her frequently and she always has had to analyze and control her emotions.

She is probably the most idealistic person within the film colony. Naïve, yet sophisticated far beyond her years, her life has been a series of nightmares and joys. Stark tragedy has mingled with blissful moments, until Jean today echoes the fruits of her varied experiences in extraordinary dramatic ability.

You've seen her in such films as the already-mentioned "Little Women," in which her portrayal of the lovable Beth will ever remain a vivid memory (indeed, she reflected her real self in that role), "Operator 13," "Lady for a Day," "Lazy River," "Rasputin," "Caravan," and "Have a Heart." The day I lunched with her, Metro, to which she is under contract, had made her a star.

"I'm so excited I nearly wrecked my car coming over to the studio," she proclaimed, actions not one whit belying her words. "Today is supposed to be a holiday for me, and I was told not to show up . . . but I could no more stay away than I can help being doubly happy."

The studio's starring Jean is a high tribute to her capacity and talents as an actress. She stands now, after two years in the studio, at a point most players work years to attain . . . and far from success going to her head her rising popularity has delighted but totally unchanged her. She is as unaffected after tasting of fame as the day she entered the studio, fresh from having been selected by Metro officials for her beauty and appeal as she rode on a flowered float in a Pasadena parade.

Born in Deer Lodge, Mont., her family, when she was eight months old, moved to Oregon, thence to Los Angeles. While still in her more tender years, her parents separated, then divorced, and Jean went to live with her mother.

Some time after that, the mother married again. In her step-father Jean struck up a bond of close companionship, but the death of this new-found friend was the most bitter moment the little girl had ever experienced.

Following a period of economic stress, in which her mother struggled valiantly to keep her little brood of three children together (Jean, a sister and a half-brother), Jean eased the situation by going to live with a family in Pasadena, by the name of Spickard. Mrs. Spickard, a kind, motherly soul, made the little girl feel at home and started her at the John Muir High School nearby.

At first, Jean could scarcely realize her position. Here she was, free and light-hearted for the first time in her life. It seemed too good to be true.

It was. Ere many months had passed, the Spickards felt the effect of the depression and Mrs. Spickard secured a job. So that she might remain, Jean made arrangements to care for the children, look after the house and cook the meals for the family. This meant considerably less time to devote to her own interests, her studies, dancing, painting, but it did provide food and lodging. Hardship and deprivation had overtaken her again.

Her future, however . . . her dreams, her plans . . . kept her from utter despair. It is her philosophy, worked out in her mind, that if one believes in a thing earnestly and works consistently enough, that will eventually come to pass. Hand in hand, belief stalked with her through her troubles, until that day she won poster contests, was chosen to ride on a Pasadena float publicizing the Olympic Games and M-G-M signed her to a long-term contract.

Jean, as she sat toying with a green salad, too thrilled with the prospect of finally starring in a picture to more than nibble at her food, her slight, girlish figure encased in light blue pyjamas, the sun making her lustrous brown hair dark copper in color, presented a picture not easily forgettable. To gaze at her, one would never imagine that she ever had known despair and darkness, could be anything but a little school girl looking forward with happy anticipation to a party. Deep in her eyes, though, one reads of visions unknown to the average woman many years her senior.

Two interests consume her with a flaming force. One, her work, her acting and her study in those other fields which hold a particular fascination . . . dancing, sketching and painting, French, piano, writing. The other is her love for Pancho.

Vaguely remote, a person living largely within herself, Jean Parker has not the same outlook upon life that the majority of people enjoy. She is more serious, more inclined to grasp fundamentals, more elusive, and innately she understands the problems of life to be met and overcome.

As she stands on the threshold of a new life, a life which promises much of interest, fame and things worth while, she looks forward with an easy confidence gained only through what has happened in the past. One of the tenets of her creed, that she has fashioned for herself, dictates that she must live by her ideals . . . out of unhappiness and hardship was this born, and in these ideals she is at last finding happiness and her rightful place in the world.

Sinclair Lewis Picks Hepburn

(*Continued from page* 29)

glow of the spot-light. They read, as they are written, in the open, and under the sky. No man, least of all an author worth his typewriter, can belie his genesis. And the genesis of Mr. Lewis was Sauk Center, Minn.—a healthy environment that drips throughout his whole work.

There, and at Yale, and at Upton Sinclair's Helicon Hall, that early social school the California liberal founded across from Manhattan in New Jersey—indeed, throughout his salad days in Greenwich Village, he never forgot his earthiness. Ask him today where he prefers to live. He will answer you Vermont, where he lives, on a craggy New England farm, for more than half of each year.

He is the champion of the home. The home that Hepburn always seems longing for. Isn't this the wistfulness in her art that she so movingly presents in "Morning Glory"? in "Spitfire"? and much so in "Little Women"? It really is.

With this same key you unlock the secret of Mr. Lewis's art. It makes tender and tragic "Main Street," "Babbitt," "Dodsworth" and "Arrowsmith." Like Charles Lamb, Mr. Lewis hates to stray from his fireside and tipple, his hayfields and his meadows.

ONE of the most moving incidents I have ever experienced occurred some years ago when Mr. Lewis returned from Norway after having won the Nobel prize for literature. As a working newspaperman it was my assignment to board his ship at Quarantine and return with an interview story.

Through no fault of my own I missed the Revenue Cutter one must take to go down to Quarantine, (the assignment came too late), and I had to journey to Westport where Mr. Lewis and his wife, Dorothy Thompson, had taken a cottage to await springtime in Katharine Hepburn's Connecticut.

It was a raw, bleak day in March with a leaden, menacing ceiling that gave no hint of April's girlish laughter. We chatted in the living-room by the fire.

A nervous, gangling, explosively energetic man, he can't sit out a talk, invariably rising to pace back and forth as though the due emphasis of his remarks could only be quitted through the bones of his legs. Presently it began to snow. We went out on the porch, gazing miles over the meadow and watching it whiten. We must have stood there fully ten minutes, silent in a soundless setting. Finally he spoke: "How easily nature writes."

Now, as I write this, how easily I can fancy Hepburn, coming across the fields, her toqued head swaying, rhythmic to her lean thighs, eager to call us forth to tramp along with her. She is one with the scene; as Mr. Lewis was one with the setting. What utter nonsense to call her Park Avenue's paper flower. She's a Sauk Center Susie.

What Won't Get You into the Movies

(*Continued from page* 35)

"another Garbo" or anything like that, why, just check what you have and what you haven't against this system.

Let's listen to what Fred Scheussler, casting director at RKO studios, has to say. Fred's a veteran at the job; he's one of what you might call the Big Six among Hollywood's casting directors. What he sets forth about whom he'd hire and whom he wouldn't is representative of all Hollywood. Incidentally, too, Fred's the casting director who, years ago, gave Janet Gaynor her very first job before the camera. That was at Universal, in two reelers. . . .

"And, if Janet Gaynor walked into my office today, I'd tell her I couldn't use her," he says. "Crazy?—yeah, I suppose you think it is. But it's true. If Janet Gaynor's box-office rating were not established, she wouldn't have a chance in Hollywood today. What we're looking for is Janet—plus the sophistication of—let's say Miriam Hopkins—and that's the only type I'm even giving a second look at among the thousands who come into my office looking for jobs."

"In the first place, the old days of pretty face, of beautiful body getting a girl by just aren't, any more. Not even when they're a friend of somebody in the front office. No more do executives call us on the private phone and say: 'Look here, Fred, Miss So-and-So is coming down to see you for a bit. She's pretty enough. And besides—ah—uh—she's a friend of mine. So give her a job.'

"Nope. Even the big-shots know that that doesn't work any more. They know a girl can have a pretty face and a you-know body, but they know that it takes more than that. They know *the three things I look for first*, when a girl walks into my casting office. Here they are:

"FIRST—I watch them walk in. That 'entrance' and their carriage are the first hurdles. The great majority of girls who 'walk in' in pictures can't even get by that simple pair of obstacles. If they haven't an erect carriage, if they haven't that in their walk which is called poise, if they don't move with a certain sure determination and force, then I know they won't do. And you'd be surprised how many of them slither and slouch and shuffle in, don't they realize that the camera will catch that and magnify it? Apparently not, because they act so surprised when I tell them 'No.' They open wide eyes and say: 'But you haven't even talked to me, Mister Scheussler.' And I answer: 'No, but I'm afraid I've seen you walk.' But if they get by with their entrance, then:

"SECOND—I listen to them speak. I don't mean that I care WHAT they say. It's HOW they say it that I'm interested in. And under that 'how' I include diction, modulation, timbre. True, modern sound technicians can do wonders with a voice, but even they can't do anything with a girl who runs her words together, who mumbles, who has a voice that sounds as though it had fought with seventeen adenoids before coming out, who talks too loud or yet too low. Maybe she could unlearn some of these faults, but the chances are that lifelong habit has so strongly made them part of her that she couldn't overcome them.

"But say the girl's gotten by those two points—Walk and Talk. Then:

"THIRD—I observe her mannerisms. How the girl acts during our interview is a giveaway, nine times out of ten. To be a good camera actress requires poise. When a girl fidgets and fusses and primps and tries to hide her hands, and doesn't know what to do with her feet, while she's talking to me, I know she won't be able to comport herself before the camera, no matter how hard she tries. The girl who can sit there or stand there, while I interview her, and be full mistress of herself and her nerves and her body—that's the girl who has a chance. But they're rare. They'll fuss with their purses, they'll toe in nervously while talking, they'll draw imaginary designs on the desk top to keep their hands and eyes busy while we're discussing her chances—and they're surprised when I tell them they won't do.

"The final test and the hardest to pass is one I can't put into words—nor can anyone else. It's been called everything from 'It' to 'Personality.' Charm, presence, magnetism, individuality, sex-appeal,—these are some of the words that they use when they try to describe it. But whatever it is, whatever you call it, the fact remains that without it you're just about sunk in movies. And the oddest and hardest part of the final test, for us casting directors, is the fact that it doesn't show offscreen, nine times out of ten. Offscreen, when they talk to us, these girls may be as dull and lifeless as a dead mackerel. Yet put them under the lights and let a camera grind on 'em—and when we see the rushes, we yell and cry: 'Another star!'

"I could sit here and suggest test after test to try on yourself to determine whether or not you have that quality. And none of the tests, nor all of them, would finally answer the question. It takes a screen test—and an exhaustive one, too—to tell whether or not a girl has that quality on the screen.

"Oh, wait a minute, I nearly forgot something," said Scheussler.

"A girl may get by all the other tests," he grinned, "and still find the casting office door a two-way proposition—in and out—rather than the one-way door to film success.

"I mean that if she's under eighteen her chances of getting by are still just about zero with the rim rubbed out. For several reasons—under eighteen, they have to spend four hours a day in school, and that raises the devil with studio schedules. And besides — under eighteen is under eighteen."

I had tried seven perfumes before I finally discovered FAOEN



says—Mimi Richardson
(WELL KNOWN MODEL AND NEW YORK DEBUTANTE)

MORE than a mere perfume, FAOEN will give you a new *personality* . . a more mysterious, thrilling personality, to bring men's hearts to your feet!

As Parisian as the Café de la Paix . . as feminine as Cleopatra . . as exciting as a champagne cocktail . . FAOEN enhances your charm and discovers your hidden depths of lovely, languorous allure!

You would have to pay more, for a less effective perfume! The tuck-away size . . can be bought at all F. W. Woolworth Co. stores.



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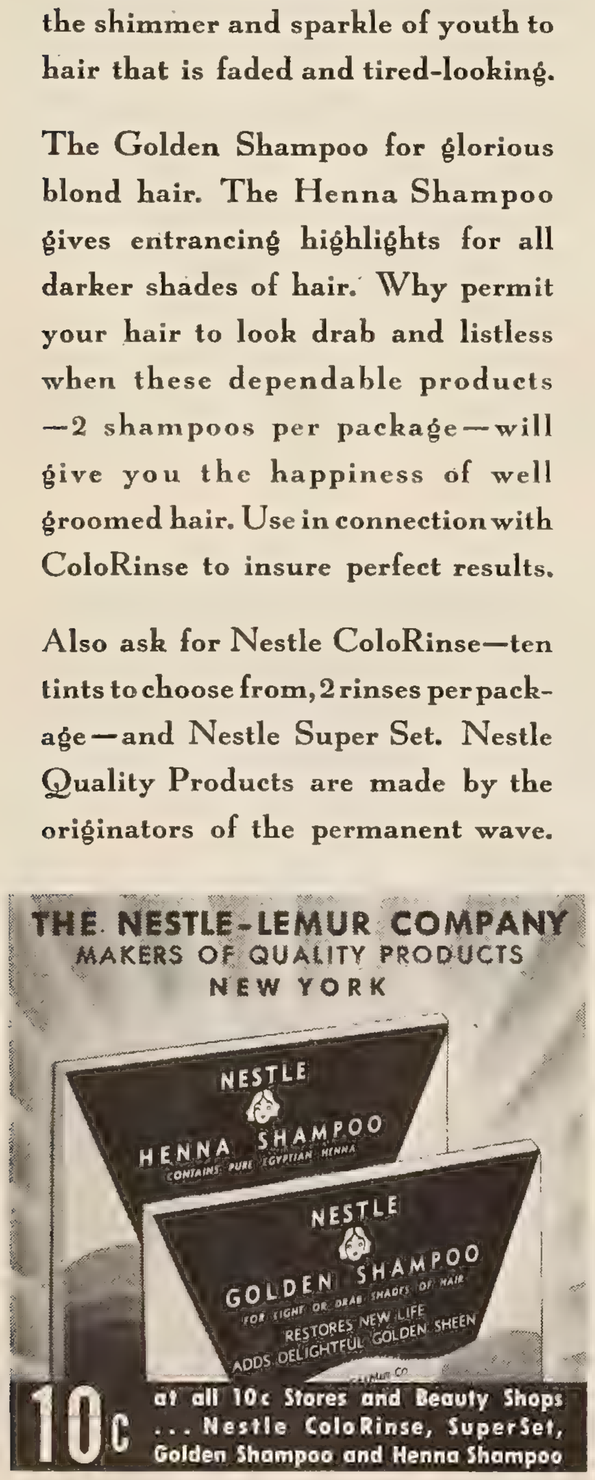
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Wash glorious color into your hair—and have the loveliest of shampoos—all at the same time! That's what these Nestle color shampoos mean to you. Wonderfully fine cleansers, made by Nestle formulas from the purest ingredients, they add the shimmer and sparkle of youth to hair that is faded and tired-looking.

The Golden Shampoo for glorious blond hair. The Henna Shampoo gives entrancing highlights for all darker shades of hair. Why permit your hair to look drab and listless when these dependable products—2 shampoos per package—will give you the happiness of well groomed hair. Use in connection with ColoRinse to insure perfect results.

Also ask for Nestle ColoRinse—ten tints to choose from, 2 rinses per package—and Nestle Super Set. Nestle Quality Products are made by the originators of the permanent wave.



I Was That Way About Fields

(*Continued from page 25*)

I recall well when he was to make his first important Broadway attack in the Follies of 1915. We all knew he was great in his golden silence, but were a bit dubious about how he would stack up with Ed Wynn and other talking comics. He not only stacked up, he cleaned up. True, he didn't talk much. He didn't have to. With each added success, the movies screamed louder for his presence. Bill left wonderful contracts for the theater to come West and make silent pictures. Here was the great new comedian! Before he could really get camera-wise the talkies clanged across the silver sheets and buried Bill underneath them.

It was, of course, understood that no silent comedian could possibly talk. Bill gathered up his billiard-cues, cigar boxes, pride and other props. Back to the theater he went, but clinging to his dream.

"You know, Elsie," he said, "I was ready to work for anything or nothing to get a chance to just live here in peace. Really unpack for the first time since I left home as a boy. I planned for a little bungalow, never got as far as hoping for a car. I had decided that if I couldn't do pictures I would do cartooning. I wanted to manage some little theater. I wanted most anything that would just give me enough to live modestly."

I KNEW that he meant without nibbling at capital, because Bill has worked long and hard. He has never been a "show-off," so I imagine that if he had not finally crashed the talkies with a resounding boom he would still have been able to unpack the trunk. It took this wise and supposedly fly village two and a half years to recognize that W. C. Fields was "a natural" for the screen. The town is full of patient talent. Fortunately, people rarely die of discouragement.

The willows swayed in rhythm at the edge of silver Toluca as we left the future suspended in air and traveled back time's highway. Bill remembered so many little details about Mother and me. How she used to stand in the wings saying every word as I said it. Singing my songs with me, telling me when and how to bow.

"She was a great woman!" he said.

"She still is," I answered. I sounded strangely like her when I said in a business-like tone: "This is a marvelous place, Bill. Do you own it?"

"No, I don't, but it is nice, isn't it?" He looked around and sat back smiling. "I still can't believe that it's all true. I still expect them to say, 'The trunk has to be ready in the morning.' Do you get up early?" he added briskly.

I bragged gladly that I do get up and that I resent all those lovely hours of lost life when no bell was allowed to ring and my faithful entourage held its breath until nearly noon while Elsie slept those nine hours that she couldn't live without.

ON comparing notes, we decided that our pasts had been thrilling, but that our "presents" were grand. Again we left the future dangling out on a limb. Bill's is pretty secure. His popularity is mounting daily. Another picture like "The Old-Fashioned Way" and he can burn all the trunks. I have a feeling that he has kept that motor trailer for a getaway just in case he should "see a dream walking" out on him, so I'm going to put in my application for it. You never saw such a perfect little home on wheels. I'm going to need a movable one if I don't sell one of my stationary ones pretty soon!

The mark of affluence was so clearly obvious under the spreading oak! Telephone messages overlapped each other as Bill said, "Tell 'em I'm playing golf!" No one in this world could play as many golf games in one afternoon as the King of Toluca Lake thought of.

Among the Flotsam and Jetsamites who drifted through the Fields-Toluca pastoral was Tammany Young. This amusing and unusual lad used to be known as the Champion Gate Crasher of New York. His claim being that he could get in to any opening night, championship fight, world series and other events of importance on his personality. Some folks called it nerve but it got him in just the same. When he came to Hollywood it was feared that he would bounce that reputation to bits against the studio gates. Tammany is now definitely inside. Just how much Bill had to do with his entree I don't know but when I said, "Things are looking pretty good for you, aren't they?" he threw me the wink at which he excels and with a nod toward our host said, "Yeah, and thanks to this swell egg!" If Bill is the egg it would seem Tammany must be the ham, because the two are inseparable.

Bill apparently keeps open house. Two or three men walked past us with a "How're you, Boy!" and went into what I imagine must be the "Playroom" judging from the sounds of enjoyment I heard.

To one man he called, "Take Jack first, will you?"

"A trainer?" I asked.

"Yes." Bill's eyes fell sheepishly to the former slim waistline. "I try to keep as fit as possible. I don't stay up late, any more. Play a bit of golf. Like to potter around the place, eat a bit, drink a bit. Oh! It's a great life, Elsie!"

I must say he looks about as nearly like the well-contented man should as anyone I've seen since I used to marvel at the peaceful expression on farmers' faces around and about Marysville, Ohio. He's headed for a farm, by the way. He was going out today to look at one.

"Are you really going to farm?"

"Well, no! but I want more room for my pottering. I want to put on my rompers and play," he grinned, and I grinned. I don't know what he was thinking about, but I was visualizing Bill in rompers. I'm still grinning.

Radio, which is so busy "snitching" screen personalities, is making alluring monetary gestures in his direction. Bill isn't falling for them yet. He thinks he has to be seen to be funny. Well, Eddie Cantor, Al Jolson, Joe Penner, Jack Benny and other air aces must have thought the same at one time, so perhaps the millions who have never heard or seen him will have a chance to meet this mellow, kind and amusing W. C. Fields *via* the ether waves. I think he could ride them with great success, if they gave him a consistent story and a good character like the one he played in "The Old-Fashioned Way." It's nice, however, to meet someone who hasn't got "grabitis" when it comes to the big money. It has never been known to bring complete contentment and, as Bill seems to have that, maybe he's right to let others take the chances while he potters around in rompers.

MIND you, he only potters between films, and his next picture is about to start production, so the rompers will be parked for a few weeks. It's called "Back Porch" at present and is an original idea of his own. By the time you see it the title will be changed to "It's a Gift" and Bill won't recognize his brain child, but from what he told me about it I wouldn't mind sitting on said "Back Porch" watching him pull old tricks which his artistry polishes to a modern brilliancy. He has plenty of them up his sleeve. He is an excellent character actor and other comedians who might be saying "What's he going to do after he has done all his vaudeville stunts?" may find another twist to the ever familiar line, "New Fields to Conquer."

THE ART OF COOKING MEAT

It's a fact that most American cooks, no matter how expert they are in other respects, lack skill and variety in cooking meats. There has been a definite demand from readers for help in cooking meat. This month's food circulars have been prepared to meet this demand. Here they are:

1. Rules and recipes for cooking beef.
2. Rules and recipes for cooking lamb.
3. Rules and recipes for cooking veal.
4. Rules and recipes for cooking fresh pork.
5. Cooking ham and other smoked pork products.
6. Ways of cooking and serving sausage.
7. Cooking poultry.
8. Cooking liver and other edible parts of beef, lamb, etc.

If you would like copies of these circulars, send ten cents to Rita Calhoun, care of NEW MOVIE Magazine, 55 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y. They are printed on loose leaves, so you can keep them in a loose-leaf binder.

The Man of 84 Faces

(*Continued from page 21*)

gasped in complete amazement.

"It beats me," confessed Foster. "I really don't know."

"But what is it — certainly something more than make-up?"

"That's true," admitted Foster. "Make-up and costume are just the props that set the character on first appearance. The grooming of the hair has a lot to do with it. Touselled hair suggests an eccentric individual, straggly sideburns a person of bad taste, a growth of beard a rough, tough mugg, and a stiff collar a politician perhaps. But those are superficial characterizations. In life a well-groomed person may be a rat at heart. So that can't be entirely it."

Foster meditated a minute over this strange faculty of changing his personality.

"Someone said, 'The eyes are the windows of the soul,'" he continued. "If you wish to judge character, study the eyes. In them you can find sincerity or insincerity, fearlessness or cowardice, courage or despair. You know the first trace of insanity shows in the eyes. And if your eyes are covered or downcast, you can be anything."

But Foster wouldn't attribute his diversity of characterization to a studied technique of using his eyes.

"Gee," he said, "I don't know anything about the technique of acting like George Arliss who mastered everything there is about characterization. He's flawless. I don't pretend to have any technique.

"I do believe I have an expressive face," admitted Foster. "It shows whatever I'm thinking. That's caused me plenty of trouble. When I was a salesman back in Philadelphia, I could never sell any person I instinctively disliked. Try as I would, I couldn't keep that dislike from registering in my face.

"But that failure as a salesman stands me in good stead as an actor. In all my batting about, selling washing machines and advertising, singing in grand opera, and working on the stage, I've met all types of people. I have studied them and become interested in them. I try to think as they think. When I'm called upon to play a role, I pick out some character from my past, and imagine how he'd think and act. I become that person. And perhaps it's that faculty, together with an expressive face, that has made me seem like so many different people on the screen."

If variety is the spice of acting, then Preston Foster admits he's enjoyed his career. He says that it's much more interesting than being just himself in a walk-through part. It necessitates a study of human psychology.

"Of course," he admitted, "one doesn't become a definite screen personality by always being different. It takes longer to become known and a name. The only persons I haven't deceived have been my parents. Friends have seen me in roles like 'Dr. X' and said they didn't know I was in the picture till they read my name on the main title. A theater usher after seeing 'Hoopla' wrote to find out how old I was and in what other pictures I'd appeared."

"And how do you feel about your new contract?" I asked. "Will you be yourself?"

"That, of course, I don't know," he replied. "I hope not."

He paused before continuing.

"It's kind of a dangerous spot," he observed. "Stars like Crawford, Harlow, and Garbo are all so glamorous one is likely to be forgotten."

I looked at his full, blue eyes . . . his set face. And I read in them a fierce challenge, the challenge of a man who'd told many bosses to take it and like it, who'd seen life, been battered by it and come up smiling.

There was a fearless look in those eyes that said, "I'm afraid of nothing—not even Garbo."

Movie Highlights of the Year

(*Continued from page 37*)

JANUARY—Charlotte Henry, Jack Oakie as Tweedledum, and Roscoe Karns as Tweedledee, in "ALICE IN WONDERLAND."

FEBRUARY—Greta Garbo and John Gilbert in "QUEEN CHRISTINA."

MARCH—Anna Sten in "NANA."

APRIL—Wallace Beery in "VIVA VILLA."

MAY—Myrna Loy and William Powell in "THE THIN MAN.'

JUNE—Ronald Colman in "BULLDOG DRUMMOND STRIKES BACK."

JULY—Frank McHugh and James Cagney in "HERE COMES THE NAVY."

AUGUST—Claudette Colbert in "CLEOPATRA."

SEPTEMBER—Mae West in "BELLE OF THE NINETIES."

OCTOBER—Norma Shearer and Fredric March in "THE BARRETTS OF WIMPOLE STREET."

NOVEMBER—Greta Garbo in "THE PAINTED VEIL."

DECEMBER—Jeanette MacDonald and Maurice Chevalier in "THE MERRY WIDOW."

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Broadway Bill
A FRANK CAPRA Production
By ROBERT RISKIN · Based on the story by MARK HELLINGER
WALTER CONNOLLY HELEN VINSON

"ONE NIGHT OF LOVE" CHARMED YOU
"LADY FOR A DAY" WON YOUR ACCLAIM
"IT HAPPENED ONE NIGHT" GAVE YOU HAPPINESS
The same producers now give you the charm and joyousness of all in this grand and glorious romantic comedy.

THE CAPTAIN HATES the SEA
A LEWIS MILESTONE Production
VICTOR McLAGLEN JOHN GILBERT
ALISON SKIPWORTH WYNNE GIBSON HELEN VINSON
Walter Connolly Fred Keating Leon Errol
Walter Catlett Tala Birell
Story and screen play by Wallace Smith
Directed by Lewis Milestone



A brilliant all-star cast of fun-makers and heart-breakers laugh-bound on one of the gayest ships that ever rolled in a hurricane of hilarity.

A mad, merry comedy that will rock you from stem to stern.



LADY by CHOICE
CAROLE LOMBARD · MAY ROBSON
ROGER PRYOR and WALTER CONNOLLY
Story by Dwight Taylor Screen play by Jo Swerling
Directed by David Burton

"A great picture," says Screen Play magazine.

"Better see this film soon," adds Photoplay magazine.

And Screenland magazine tells its readers, "You'd better not miss this."

Grace Moore
in
ONE NIGHT OF LOVE
TULLIO CARMINATI · LYLE TALBOT · MONA BARRIE
Story by DOROTHY SPEARE and CHARLES BEAHAN
Screen play by S. K. LAUREN JAMES GOW EDMUND NORTH
Directed by VICTOR SCHERTZINGER



Thousands are seeing this reigning musical romantic sensation time and again. You, too, will want to see it more than once and experience each time new joy and greater entertainment.

Ask for these COLUMBIA *pictures at your favorite theatre!*

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HEINZ
COOKED
SPAGHETTI

The Most Exciting Street on Earth

(*Continued from page* 19)

and toes. Better than $12,000. He instantly became, on his personal adding machine a $52,000 a year man. And so he was—for twelve weeks.

Came the end of the contract. Came no renewal. This writer, departing, left with a newspaper interviewer an opinion of Hollywood that would smoke the hide off an alligator. This writer returned bitterly to his beloved New York—to do his damnedest to write another book which will entitle him to a return trip to the city of fatted calves!

Among his parting remarks was the observation that Hollywood Boulevard is a sordid, dirty, overrated alley.

I hold no brief for or against this fellow's attitude. Perhaps the experience will enrich his philosophy. But his opinion is not an opinion. It's a prejudice.

I HAVE sold many of my stories to the movies. Naturally, I'm not bitter about it, although I firmly believe that the intelligence of the movie-makers, where correctly fashioned dramatic stories are concerned, is awfully limited.

Let's try to get at the soul of Hollywood Boulevard. You are a discerning person and you know that the spirit of Hollywood is the spirit who rose from the creaming waves off Crete so many thousands of years ago, clean-limbed and lovely, with jewels in her hair, glamour in her smile and danger in her voice—Aphrodite, goddess of love, or, if you will, of amorous desire.

Aphrodite is, as you know, the spirit and the mother of Hollywood—a coquette forever renewing her youth in the soft, pink, scented flesh of the newcomers.

Motion picture studios, as you are also aware, are her temples. Temple-factories. In these temple-factories, the love-making habits of the world are forged and hammered into being.

There is a nice argument here. Hollywood, we freely admit, is the sex capital of the world. Hollywood's temple-factories not only set the styles in love-making the world over but they determine the moral code of the age. Or do they? The producers say not. The producers say they are merely reflecting the changing moral standards. Fight it out among yourselves.

The point is, however, that Hollywood Boulevard must, by the very forces which made it the street it is, point toward sex.

Ask a beauty-contest winner from Kissimmee, Florida, or Oskaloosa, Oklahoma, who has been screen-tested and signed up by a big, indulgent producer—ask her what *she* thinks of Hollywood.

Ah, place of glorious enchantment! Ah, city of golden dreams come true! Hollywood Boulevard, to this happy lass, is Main Street, Eldorado, or *el camino encantado*—the enchanted street. Its smart shops fawn and its pitfalls yawn. Everybody loves her. Every chiseler in Hollywood sharpens his steel for this newest delectable, dizzy, dazzled, dazzling darling.

This newcomer with her shining eyes and flushed cheeks and enraptured smile, this darling of the gods, this nectareous nymph, this gal who is getting the breaks—*she* drives along the enchanted Boulevard in a grand new roadster, all bright enamel and glittering chromium.

But look at the ones on foot—the ones with stories in their faces. They are usually beautiful, or nearly beautiful. Their make-up has been skilfully applied, but they have a certain look of pallor under the delicate artificial coloring. Their eyelashes are long and black with a alluring upward tilt—but the eyes below look worried.

Here is one approaching. Look at her carefully. She walks with an air of jauntiness, her eyes scanning the oncoming faces brightly, and her lovely lips holding the faintest suggestion of a smile. For one never knows when a watchful director may be strolling on the Boulevard.

But look her over. The seat of her dress is waffle-patterned by the cane bottoms of casting directors' waiting room chairs. Her heels are worn down by the studio-to-studio trek. Her clothes have that week-before-last look. Not yet seedy; but not fresh, not crisp. Nothing about her is crisp. Who is she? What's her story? What's her fate? Almost every week, it seems to me, one of these soul-sick children jumps out of a high window or turns on the gas.

HOLLYWOOD Boulevard isn't *el camino encantado* to this youngster—it's *el camino doloroso*. Don't ask her what she thinks about Hollywood. She doesn't know. She doesn't know what she thinks about anything. Let's hope she can take it. Let's hope she has moral fibre tough enough to stand the strain until the breaks come her way—if they come.

And then there are the ones who have proved they have that moral fibre. They have arrived. They are "the stars." You may see them lunching animatedly in the Brown Derby, Sardi's, the Vendome. These gods and goddesses, these big shots, go, of course, to these places to be stared at. If you're lucky, you may see Joan Crawford, the screen's most ambitious girl, lunching at Sardi's with Franchot Tone, the screen's smoothest young man. In the Brown Derby, you may see Wallace Beery strutting his recently adopted daughter. You don't, of course, see Garbo anywhere.

YOU look in vain for signs of dissipation in these people. The goddesses have rose-petal complexions, the gods clear eyes and lean jaws. For the night life of the gods—of most of them—has become, in recent years, comparatively quiet. Many of them don't know just how long their present fat incomes will last. Generally, they're leading quiet, stay-at-home lives. Practising economy. Reading books. Bearing in mind that early to bed and early to rise makes a star at least healthy and wealthy. The famous wild parties of Hollywood are not a thing of the past, but they are fewer.

Since repeal, most of the cabarets have been closed for violation of the Los Angeles liquor ordinances. But in those few which remain, one glimpses an occasional favorite—one of Hollywood's more prominent drinking young stars. He is accompanied usually by a crowd of people very aware of the fact that they are accompanying him. They guard him jealously. They see that he has plenty to drink, and that the girl he prefers sits besides him. He is, for his little hour, as important as a visiting Roman emperor. His face is rather blank.

You may also see the stars shopping on the Boulevard. But it takes longer than a few months to grow used to seeing them in the flesh. When I go into a store to buy a hat or necktie, and one of the reigning favorites happens to drop in, I am almost as thrilled as the shop girls—and they are almost paralyzed.

But the ones who have arrived, "the stars," do not stir my imagination so much as the girls who trudge along Wicked Boulevard with stories in their faces—stories of success and failure, of hope and humiliation. For it is these girls—the never-ending procession of them—who have built Hollywood Boulevard and made it the fascinating, glamorous, wicked thoroughfare it is today.

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Can You Buy Stardom?

(*Continued from page* 20)

urged her to show the pictures to studio officials. She did. Or rather a friend of hers did. So impressed were Paramount executives that they asked for an interview with this new patrician beauty. She came, they saw, she conquered. Without further ado they signed her to a contract.

These two ladies did not follow a tradition for which Hollywood is notorious. The cult of the false front! Pretense. Sham. Affectation of manner and manufactured background. They didn't have to. But many aspirants come to grief because they put on such airs. Young hopefuls in search of a career seem to be infected with this virus almost as soon as they arrive. Spending their last dime on one desperate attempt they'd buy an expensive gown, hire a Rolls Royce, and sweep out to a studio condescending to give the natives a break. This seemed to be the Hollywood manner. They thought that they had to live up to it.

At first studio executives were really impressed. They felt honored to put them in a picture. But things went to such extremes they became a joke.

Now money and social position have their drawbacks. It may enable a person to dress attractively and meet picture celebrities on a social basis, but it is apt to classify one as a play boy or play girl. You don't need money, so why work? There are not a few people who have got into such a stalemate. In their hearts there is a desperate longing for a film career. But no one will take them seriously. If they mention work their picture friends laugh. No more than a pat on the back with an amused wisecrack.

For all of these reasons the careers of the following heiresses are illuminating as well as instructive.

In one respect Virginia Peine is an exception. Her real name is Virginia Peine Lehmann.

When Mrs. Lehmann came to Hollywood with her two-year-old daughter, secretary, a nurse and maid, she carried a letter of introduction to Buddy De Sylva, the director of musicals at Fox. She called him on the phone. Because of the letter from a mutual friend, Mr. De Sylva agreed to an appointment. He was not acquainted with her real identity. He fully expected to dismiss this movie struck Virginia Peine after a moment's polite conversation. But when he saw a beautiful, lissome blonde sweep into the office he immediately changed his mind. He tossed the letter aside. He eagerly questioned her about her experience. She shook her head. None. But Mr. De Sylva was too enthusiastic to let that stand in the way. He arranged for a screen test. He saw the test and was enthusiastic enough about it to put her in "Bottoms Up."

Katherine Flynn's brief career has been much different. Her uncle, the late Daniel Miles Flynn, left her a large share of the fortune he had amassed in turpentine and rosin throughout the southern states. As soon as Katherine came into her inheritance she left for Hollywood. She arrived unknown. But within three weeks she had spent nineteen thousand dollars.

THE lavish parties which she gave to various film celebrities, however, did not secure for her the coveted opportunity in pictures. She tried something else. Changing her name to Kitty O'Dare she began dancing at the Club Ballyhoo. She had had some experience on the stage and now her dance, the Shim Sham, created quite a sensation. A newspaperman saw through her nom de plume. A night club heiress! Publicity ran wild.

But still nobody offered Katherine a screen test. Her Hollywood friends, Jimmy Durante, Jack La Rue, George Bancroft and others, tried to guide her over the first perilous steps of a screen career. But by this time her mother got wind of what was going on and flew out from New York. Katherine had to change her tactics. No more shim shamming. No more parties. After another month of waiting Kitty gave in to her mother's entreaties and left for a jaunt through Europe. She left with one consolation. Jean Harlow had unstintingly praised her dancing.

Janet Snowden, the nineteen-year-old daughter of James H. Snowden, the multi-millionaire oil man, has perhaps been the wisest of them all. She and Doris Duke, the tobacco heiress, and Barbara Hutton, now the wife of Alexis Mdivani, have been intimates since they were classmates at the Foxcroft School in Aiken, South Carolina. All of them have moved in and out of the spotlight. A short time ago Janet had New York society agog. Meeting Prince Don Francesco Caravita when he arrived in New York from Italy, she eloped with him within twenty-four hours. Within five days she had the marriage annulled. A few weeks later while staying at her mother's home in Poland Springs, Maine, Janet was threatened with kidnaping. Then she disappeared. A wireless message from the liner Santa Theresa revealed that she was on her way to California with a secretary. Debarking at Los Angeles, she vanished "into Hollywood" to take up a film career.

William Gill, the husband of the late Renee Adoree, became her manager. He began training her with the best dramatic teachers available. Her fellow student was Paulette Goddard whom Charlie Chaplin is keeping under cover for his next picture. Executives at Warner Brothers, impressed by her dark piquant beauty, offered her a contract. Her manager persuaded her to turn it down. She was not ready. Winfield Sheehan finally secured her promise to give Fox first call on her services as soon as she felt she was ready to face the camera. Slipping off to Mexico Janet married William Gill. Hollywood wonders just how her career will turn out.

Kitty Carlisle is just getting into her stride. If nothing untoward happens she ought to skyrocket up among the stars. In her last picture, "She Loves Me Not," her ability really began to register. Her foundation has been solid. Her father, a New Orleans physician, died when she was eight years old and left a comfortable fortune. Her mother took Kitty to Lausanne, Switzerland, where she was put in school at the exclusive *Chateau Mont Choisi.* After that it was winters in Paris and summers in their villa on the Riviera. A year in Rome perfected her Italian. Tutoring in Paris sharpened her wits so that after her debut in the fashionable world of the French capital she became a leader in the younger set. But society palled. She wanted a career.

If Kitty had not felt a strange homesickness for a native land which she had not seen in years she might now be the toast of Europe. An operatic career was waiting when she insisted on a return to America. Back in New York in June 1932 she entered a competitive test and was chosen to sing a lead in a condensed revival of "Rio Rita." After a year with this production she accepted an engagement to play a lead in "Champagne Sec." By this time Hollywood was attentive. Very. A contract was laid before her. This kind of introduction is the best that can be obtained. A personal invitation. No solicitation. No attempt to win the favors of the fickle goddess of films.

Hazel Forbes combines a picture career with executive responsibilities. She was appearing in Ziegfeld's "Whoopee" when she met young Paul Owen Richmond who had amassed a fortune in dental and cosmetic lotions. Courtship ended in matrimony. In her happiness Hazel forgot the stage. Then her husband died. Wandering around the world trying to find happiness once more she and her mother finally settled in Hollywood. Her blond loveliness was like a song. An agent finally persuaded her to try pictures and she did so well in "Down to Their Last Yacht" that RKO put her under contract.

Her future will be devoted to pictures except for quarterly trips to New York to attend meetings of her Board of Directors. In Hollywood she is seen with Ginger Rogers and Sally Eilers. Jack Oakie is one of her many escorts.

THESE heiresses have added a piquant spice to the social whirl of the film capital. Each has a dash of personality and indisputable good looks. Hearts have been entangled. But can money buy a film career? A fortune may command attention but it cannot buy blue eyes if you happen to have brown, purchase a merry heart if you are disposed to melancholy or make an actress of one who has no talent for the art. Some of these heiresses have indisputable talent and will rise, perhaps, to the dizziest heights; the others will soon be seen in the fashionable resorts of the world.

"YES, MA'M, AND WE'LL NEED HEINZ KETCHUP, TOO"



SO many men *always* seem to need Heinz Tomato Ketchup with their meals that it's by far the largest selling ketchup in the world. Rich, red drops that give delicious and definite flavor to all sorts of things. Meats, fish, eggs, croquettes, hash, baked beans, and many other dishes. Heinz chefs take the time and pains to make it richly thick with the flavors of fresh-from-the-garden red tomatoes and rare good spices. Always say Heinz to your grocer.

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HEINZ TOMATO KETCHUP

Stop a COLD the First Day!

Drive It Out of Your System —Roots and All!

A COLD once rooted is a cold of danger! Trust to no makeshift methods.

A cold, being an internal infection, calls for internal treatment.

A cold also calls for a COLD remedy and not a preparation good for a number of other things as well.

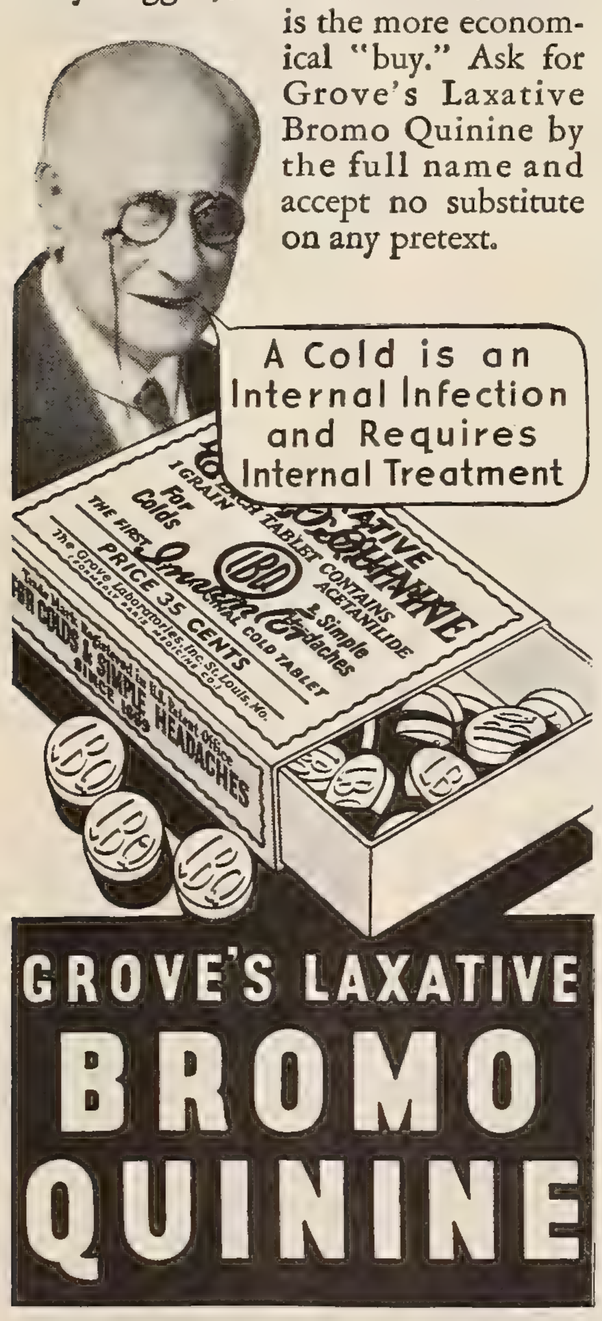
Grove's Laxative Bromo Quinine is what a cold requires. It is expressly a cold remedy. It is internal and direct—and it does the four things necessary.

Four Effects

It opens the bowels. It combats the cold germs and fever in the system. It relieves the headache and grippy feeling and tones and fortifies the entire system.

Only Grove's Laxative Bromo Quinine supplies those four effects and anything less than that is inviting trouble.

Get Grove's Laxative Bromo Quinine at any druggist, 35c and 50c. The 50c size is the more economical "buy." Ask for Grove's Laxative Bromo Quinine by the full name and accept no substitute on any pretext.



Listen to Pat Kennedy, the Unmasked Tenor and Art Kassel and his Kassels-in-the-Air Orchestra every Sunday, Monday, Tuesday and Thursday, 1:45 p. m., Eastern Standard Time, Columbia Coast-to-Coast Network.

You Tell Us

(*Continued from page 42*)

those lovely, old-fashioned gowns.

Mr. Laughton and Fredric March were so very good which, of course, is usually the case—while Wilson, the maid, capped the climax!—*Mrs. Sarah Finley, General Delivery, Highland Station, Springfield, Mass.*

And also, it was a better story.

To the Past

ON behalf of all the fans who "remember when," I want to thank NEW MOVIE for the splendid article about Marguerite Clarke. It took me back so vividly to childhood days, and golden hours spent at the corner movie. Marguerite Clarke in "Miss George Washington," "The Amazons," "Prince and the Pauper," and "Bab, the Sub-Deb." We've never forgotten them, nor the enchanting little person who remains a glamorous memory to all who look back gratefully at the many happy hours she gave us. Thanks again, NEW MOVIE and Irene Kuhn, for giving us the story about her. We loved it!—*M. Kelly, 44 Clara Street, San Francisco, California.*

And thank you, M. Kelly.

The Sensible Attitude

WHEN I was a kid of twelve or so, eating popcorn in the front row of the local picture house, a certain very-much-grown-up film actress was vamping the celluloid men. Now I am a very-much-grown-up lady myself, and I am more than slightly surprised to learn that the actress, according to her own figures, is now just two years my senior.

Why do screen stars feel it necessary to lie about their ages? Few fans are so stupid as to believe that an actress can serve an apprenticeship on stage and screen, and still be sweet sixteen after many years of starring. If a woman is as charming at thirty-nine as at nineteen, the public won't assign her to the old ladies' home because of the added birthdays.—*Mae Ashworth, 118 W. Ninth Street, Mt. Vernon, Ind.*

Ah-ha! Did you see our story on The Battle of the Ages, last month?

Best All-Round Actor

WITH all the various medals and cups that are awarded each year to the best picture, the best cartoon, etc., etc., I would suggest that a special medal be awarded — for the actor giving the best consistent performances throughout the year in every picture in which he appears.

And I nominate Lewis Stone as the one actor who deserves such an honor—and he has deserved it for many years back. Whether his part is small or large or indifferent, there he is making it count—strengthening the picture and stealing every scene he is ever in. —*Mary Judge, 222 West 49th Street, New York City.*

Years and years of experience have given Lew almost unlimited versatility, Mary. Hollywood respects him for it.

Old Kentucky Home

TIME'S curtain rolled back and I relived the days of youth in "My Old Kentucky Home." Will Rogers in "Judge Priest" finds his ideal role and the supporting cast is flawless. They appeared to me just like the folks with whom I was raised. I recognized the pool-room loafer, the farm clod-hoppers, the village gossip and the rest of the folks.

There are no super thrills or extraordinary climaxes in this picture but you go away with that perfectly satisfied feeling. There are subtle tuggings of heart strings, a little moisture in the eyes and many deep chuckles at the home-spun humor of the lovable old justice.

Here is one production that no creed or sect can find fault with and if Mr. Rogers never does better he can rest assured that he reached perfection once.—*N. H. Young, 912 W. First Street, Los Angeles, California.*

Appreciation like this is what Will lives for. It will make moisture come to his eyes, too.

On Franchot

THE story about Franchot Tone's home and background in the October issue was enjoyed very much by the writer. I have been looking for just such an article about Mr. Tone, and it fit in perfectly with my idea of what he appears to be and the kind of a family to which he should belong.

He has much more to give to the screen than he has shown so far, and I am sure one of these days, if he gets the right part, he will be one of our finest stars. Excellent actor that he is, however, it is going to be difficult for him to play certain types because he definitely gives the impression of being well-bred and a gentleman. And I hope Hollywood doesn't change him into anything different.

I should like to see Metro give him some strong parts, which, to date, they have not done. It has been up to 20th Century in "Moulin Rouge" to show his flair for comedy and Fox with "The World Moves On" to prove his dramatic talent. I am still hoping to see him in "Oil for the Lamps of China" under Metro, as was announced before.—*E. W. White, 5247 Florence Avenue, Philadelphia, Pa.*

An intelligent and well-expressed letter.

Pure Praise

TRIBUTE to a grand little actress: Frances Dee has been good in all the pictures she has played in, yet nearly every time, when her role was not so big, the "big" star got all the credit. At least she should be getting some praise, certainly she deserves it. Every time I go to see one of her pictures I can actually feel my blood boil!—And besides that—I never can wait until her next picture comes—so anxious am I to see it. Yet it's usually just a small part when it should be big. Thank goodness she's had a "break" and was given the lead in such pictures as "Coming Out Party," etc. (There's a good team for you—Gene Raymond and Frances Dee!) I make a move that we see more of her in the future than we did in the past!—*Elena Giorni, 320 W. 87th Street, New York, N. Y.*

Frances is very young, Elena, hence her parts are limited. As she becomes more mature, her scope will grow also.

Boles vs. Chevalier

AFTER seeing John Boles' latest picture—I still think he should have played opposite Jeanette MacDonald—in "The Merry Widow."

Remember—"The Desert Song." It took someone like him to play the part. Why not give him another big chance where he can show the ability of his splendid singing voice?—*Marie Bradley, 208 W. Godfrey Avenue, Philadelphia, Pa.*

Has "Music in the Air" answered your prayer, Marie?

What's Wrong?

I SAW "The Scarlet Empress" recently and I could have wept!! To see a marvelous actress like Marlene Dietrich going to waste in a hodge-podge of symbolism and trick photography like that is a crime! What's wrong with Von Sternberg? Is he trying to queer Marlene with the American audiences? Or is he just—nuts?—*Mary Hickey, 171 Ocean Avenue, Jersey City, N. J.*

Ahem! What fine weather we've been having lately, Mary. You decide.

An Ardent Admirer

EVERY time I see Kay Johnson I am forcibly struck by her personality. She seems a person whom experience has mellowed, sweetened, dignified; to whom the fulness of life has given graciousness, integrity, understanding.

There is something fine, clean, and gallant about her. You feel you'd like to know her, that you would be a little better for having met her. She has poise, serenity; she could be a good friend. In short, she seems a grand person.

Kay has a soft, glowing radiance. She is a true sophisticate.—*Mary Irene Woodruff, 26 Monument Square, Charlestown, Mass.*

You'd think we were Kay, the way we're blushing.

British Agent

JUST a word of reproach to the producers who saw fit to waste Leslie Howard in such a dull picture as "British Agent." With his poignant performance as Philip in "Of Human Bondage," and the amusing and lovable hero of "The Lady is Willing," it seems a shame to put him in anything so unworthy of his talents. Here's hoping he gets only the worth-while stories he so deserves in the future.—*Edna Walters, 300 Pine Street, Wilson, N. C.*

Watch for "The Scarlet Pimpernel," Edna.

BY FRANCES COWLES

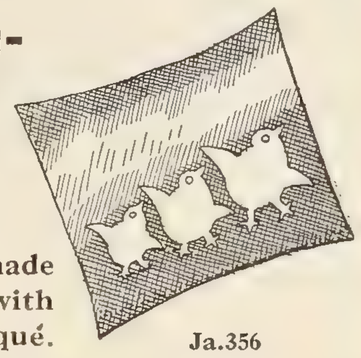
Things for the Baby



Ja.355

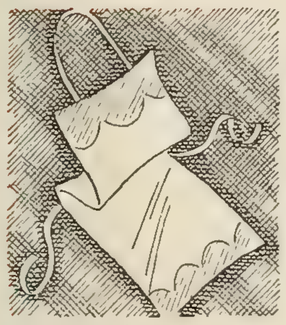
Crib spread and pillow cover bound with colored checked gingham.

New ideas of gifts you can make for the youngest boys and girls



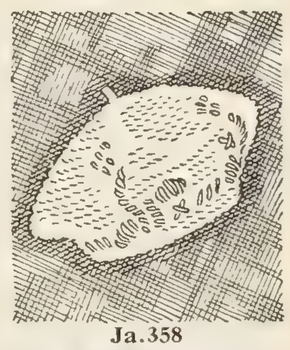
Ja.356

Floor cushion made of glazed chintz with amusing appliqué.



Ja.357

The new bathing apron made of a bath towel.



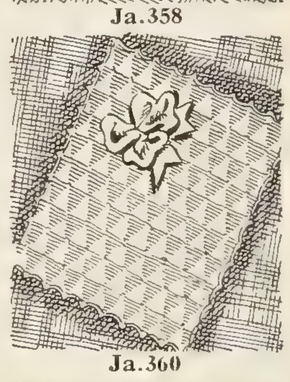
Ja.358

Easily adjusted baby's beret knitted from soft wool.



Ja.359

Washable towel cover for the tiny hot water bottle.



Ja.360

Reversible crocheted afghan for crib or carriage.



Ja.361

Thumbless mittens easily crocheted from soft wool.



Ja.362

Baby's feeding bib, with bunny design.



Ja.363

Knitted sacque with convenient front opening.



Ja.364

Flannel carriage bootees worn over shoes or stockings.

If you would like patterns and directions for making these gifts, please turn to page 67.

The Lovely Golden Hair You Had...When You Were A Little Girl... Why Not Have it Again ?



RESTORE LOST LOVELINESS TO DARKENED BLONDE HAIR—SAFELY, SKILLFULLY WITH MARCHAND'S GOLDEN HAIR WASH!

The shining blonde hair that captured hearts when you were a little girl—Why Not Have It Again—To Capture Hearts Again!

Remember—Nature gave you pretty blonde hair—you have every *natural* right to keep your hair as lovely as nature created it. Give blonde hair the special simple treatment it needs—and darkening will stop—lustrous golden tints will creep back into your hair.

Marchand's Scientifically Prepared for Darkened Blonde Hair

The Marchand hair experts have spent a lifetime studying blonde hair—what causes it to darken and how to offset the effects of darkening, safely and successfully. The fruit of their long scientific labor is Marchand's Golden Hair Wash, tested and proven a thousand times over. Right now thousands of women are using this fine product to protect light hair from darkening.

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Restore youthful golden beauty with Marchand's Golden Hair Wash. Get a bottle today.

Also Makes Arm and Leg Hair Invisible!

The same reliable Marchand's makes dark excess hair INVISIBLE like the light unnoticeable down on the blonde's skin. This avoids shaving—you have no fear of re-growths at all because you do not cut or attempt to destroy the hair. Limbs look dainty and attractive through the sheerest of stockings. The easy, inexpensive, and most satisfactory way to treat excess hair.

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45c enclosed (send coins or stamps). Please send me a regular bottle of Marchand's Golden Hair Wash. T.G. 135.

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162 HANDS TALK IN 7-DAY MANICURE TEST

Test proves Chic Nail Polish equal to "salon" polishes costing 75c or more



This test was made with Chic, costing only 10c, on one hand and an expensive "salon" polish on the other. The polishes were supplied in plain unlabeled bottles, simply marked "A" and "B." The women testing them did not know which was which.

"A"—expensive "salon" polish

"B"—Chic Nail Polish



After 7 days' wear the results show—

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CLEAR
PINK
CORAL
RUBY
DEEP

•ALSO•

Chic Creme Polish
Chic Cuticle Remover
Chic Polish Remover
Chic Oily Polish Remover



AT THE 10c STORES

Hollywood Day by Day

(*Continued from page 7*)

legged dolls, staring vacantly from every corner. . . .

And we're just willing to bet that somewhere in that lovely home is something the modern girl has neglected in the past few years . . . a hope chest!

Don't disillusion us, Mary. How about it?

•

Katharine Hepburn gave the photographers another swell break when she sat all through the performance with both hands over her famous face!

If she only knew it, the flashlight boys wouldn't be half so interested if Katie just sat quietly and let them have their way with her. It's the ludicrous contortions she goes through that endear her (as a subject) to their photographic hearts.

It just occurred to us . . . d'you suppose . . . ? Why, *Katie*, . . . aren't *you* the smart one!

•

Out by the animal cages, Cary Grant and Jack Oakie made the most gosh-awful faces at the monkeys, who returned the salutes with dead pans that would have made Buster Keaton green with envy!

•

With Dick Powell far, far away, Mary Brian has been going places with a tall, dark and handsome lad who might be the original answer to any fortune teller's prediction!

Powell's new home is nearly finished, and, before he left on a personal appearance tour, it did look as though Mary was the obvious picture for that particular frame. But, now . . .? Oh, well . . . maybe "dark 'n handsome" is just a second cousin from Texas?

•

On the "Bengal Lancers" set, Director Henry Hathaway was daring "Cracker" Henderson to pet a dangerous looking leopard.

"Phooey!" Cracker sniffed. "*I* should commit suicide!"

"He won't hurt you," the trainer assured the timorous Cracker. "His teeth are all out."

"Maybe so," Henderson argued, "but he's still got *gums!*"

•

If we can eat crackers in bed, then Herbert Mundin has a perfect right to an idiosyncrasy or two.

At the Assistance League luncheon, Mundin chose an obscure table, as far from the chattering crowd as possible, explaining that he liked to eat in silence.

And then, the first thing he ordered from the waitress was . . . a double serving of celery!

•

Some fun on the M-G-M lot these days!

In the new Gable-Crawford opus, Joan is supposed to slap Clark's face, whereupon the impulsive lad hauls her across his knee (Adrian model and all!) and dishes out a right smart ker-walloping with an old-fashioned hair brush!

Just before the "take," Joan approached Gable beseechingly.

"Listen, pal," she bargained, "you go easy with me, and I'll do the same for your slap. How's about it?"

"Nothing doing!" Clark objected. "Slam away, me proud beauty, and expect no quarter from this end!"

"O. K., then," Joan shrugged. "I can take it!"

Came the "take." Came Clark's rough speech. Pulling back the old "right," Crawford yanks a hefty slap from her top hair and plants it on the Gable button. Wham!

Coming out of a near tail-spin, Clark snaps the rough lady into position across his knee and grabs the hair brush.

It's a scene that the M-G-M gang will never forget . . . and least of all, Joan Crawford. Bam! . . . Bam! . . . BAM! Here come the British!

And you can leave Joan out of your early morning canters for some time to come!

•

Director Lowell Sherman plans to have a lot of fun when "Night Life of the Gods" has finished production.

We wondered what Universal would do with all the statues, made especially for this picture and copied from living models in the cast. A lot of suggestions were offered, but Sherman's idea seems to be the most fitting.

"After the picture is finished," he whispered confidentially, "I'm going to find some friend to help me distribute these plaster atrocities on somebody's lawn!"

•

Our Eskimo brothers have a quaint way of expressing their admiration for favorite movie stars. Instead of saying it with flowers, they say it with a husky Eskimo dog. And if you think those hefty animals aren't hard on groceries, just ask Marian Nixon, one of the latest recipients of an Alaskan husky!

•

Elizabeth Allan is suffering from a bad case of mistaken identity.

Before Mrs. Bob Montgomery annexed the likable Bob, *her* name was "Elizabeth Allen," too. The befuddled fans have managed to get our Elizabeth and Bob's Elizabeth all tangled up with each other, with the result that the actress has been deluged with fan mail, telling her what a lucky woman she is to have such a handsome, dashing husband, how does romance stand the strain of working with her own lord and master? And stuff.

As our Elizabeth has a perfectly good husband of her own, she has asked us to give her a lift in straightening out the difficulty.

•

The other day, Clark Williams, Universal player, received a wire addressed to his Scottie, George. The wire read:

"Dear George . . . Hamburgs and open house Sunday . . . Bring Clark along.

(signed): Mike & Pete."

P.S. Mike and Pete are two Scotties belonging to Henry Hull!

•

John Beal, playing the title role of "The Little Minister," had an embarrassing experience in the RKO lunchroom this week.

It seems that the pants of the period were built for neither speed nor comfort, and when John made the big mistake of stooping over to pick up something . . . the inevitable happened!

Frantically, he whispered in Katharine Hepburn's ear. Deftly, our Katie stepped into position behind him and, holding out her voluminous gypsy skirts, the two of them did a neat "lock-step" out of the place, heading for John's dressing-room!

•

Speaking of tennis, Charles Butterworth is enjoying a right smart feud with Director Al Neuman, his next door neighbor.

Al and Charlie have a pair of the best courts in the film colony and it's a daily battle to see which of them can inveigle the most high-powered players onto their respective courts.

When Al has a match in progress, Charlie sends scouts over to snoop around and report on the assembly. And, when Dead-Pan Butterworth corners a few tennis celebrities, Al does likewise.

It's all in fun, of course, as Al and Charlie get together for a set or two themselves, now and again. But, the last time we looked at the score board, Butterworth was leading by virtue of one Hymn of Victory, written especially for him, by Oscar Hammerstein!

•

Ted Healy is a downright rebel when it comes to dressing according to the Marquis of Queensbury rules. Trousers, coat and vest (when he wears one) never match, and from all we can find out, it was ever thus!

The other day, Ted was calling on Frank Fay, dressed as usual, like a wagon driver for the Salvation Army.

Frank stood it as long as he could. Then, dragging Healy into his bedroom, he pulled a brand new, smartly cut suit from his wardrobe and said: "Listen, pal . . . I like you because you're a swell guy and I can't help it. But, so help me, if you don't shuffle out of that jig-saw puzzle you call a suit and put this on . . . well, it's the end of a beautiful friendship!"

And Ted's been wearing the suit ever since, tickled to death with himself, too!

•

Chin in hands, elbows on knees, Cora Sue Collins sat pensively contemplating the morning paper. Finally she heaved a deep sigh.

"Mother," she announced decidedly, "I'm getting worried about Miss Garbo. The paper says she's just had her twenty-eighth birthday and she isn't married yet. I'm afraid she's going to be an old maid if she doesn't hurry up!"

•

Ken Maynard's chauffeur has a cute little four-year-old daughter who thinks that Ken's ideas are just about as right as anyone's could be.

Out of a clear sky, the youngster began refusing ice cream, candy, milk, etc., and demanding raw vegetables and fruit. After puzzling their heads over this strange behavior for days, it finally developed that the tot had overheard her idol express himself vehemently on the subject of "fat women" . . . and the poor kid wasn't taking any chances!

•

Wallace Beery's tiny daughter has been having more fun on the "Mighty Barnum" sets these days.

Not realizing that they are adults, Carol Ann follows the midgets around, asking them to play dolls with her and drink milk, as she does!

Hollywood endorses perfumes, cologne and scented cosmetics

•

Perfumes are Important

says

KITTY CARLISLE

•



Kitty Carlisle, starring in Paramount's "Here Is My Heart."

EXQUISITE perfume with powder, lipstick and other cosmetics to match may be an extravagance, but in the opinion of lovely Kitty Carlisle it is a worthwhile extravagance. If you cannot manage to have all your cosmetics in the same scent, you can at least select powder, lipstick, etc., to harmonize with your chosen perfumes, because there is nothing worse than conflicting scents.

Kitty Carlisle, Paramount star, appearing with Bing Crosby in "Here Is My Heart," is very sensitive to the effect of perfumes. And while the charm of exquisite scents is something that cannot be directly registered by the motion picture camera, well-groomed women in Hollywood appreciate, more and more, the important effect of perfume on both themselves and their associates.

"I love to change my perfume often," says Kitty Carlisle. "I like to match my scent to my mood and there are perfumes to go with a gay mood, a little-girl mood and others appropriate to an exotic or seductive mood. Personally I like only two kinds—fresh floral odors and exotic, musky odors. The first are better for informal hours and the heavier perfumes for evening. For tennis, golf or other sports, real perfumes seem to me rather out of place, though eau de cologne is permissible at any time.

"In selecting the correct scent for the occasion," Kitty goes on to explain, "I believe every girl should consider her escort's taste. This is particularly true when one wishes to be alluring, for the gentleman one wishes to allure may be either very sophisticated or just the reverse, and there are perfumes for either of these types.

"Best of all I like to use scent on my furs and on my hair. Real perfumes for the former and scented hair lotions for the latter. I like to put perfumes on my eyebrows and under the hem of my gowns. For evening it should be used on the elbows and under the shoulder straps. I do think every girl should adopt the atomizer habit. It protects one's frocks and prevents overdoses of perfume.

"I like always to be aware of the scent I am using but without making it too apparent to others."

Handbag perfume flacons and set of three eau de cologne bottles popular in Hollywood. The cologne comes in scents to go with the perfume.



TAKE CARE.. COLDS-SUSCEPTIBLE!

AN EMINENT physician states that of the 60,000 preventable deaths yearly in the U. S., many are due to neglect of the common cold. It is vitally important, therefore, that colds be kept under *control.*

If you catch cold easily—and your colds hang on—don't take needless chances. Follow Vicks Plan for Better *Control* of Colds. Thousands of clinical tests, supervised by practicing physicians, have proved its helpfulness—for *fewer, shorter* and *milder* colds.

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When Colds THREATEN ..VICKS VA-TRO-NOL





If a Cold STRIKES ..VICKS VAPORUB

Quick!—At that first nasal irritation or sneeze, Vicks Va-tro-nol. Just a few drops up each nostril. Used in time, Va-tro-nol helps you *avoid* many colds. It aids and stimulates the functions provided by Nature—in the nose—to prevent colds, and to throw off colds in their early stages. Va-tro-nol is remarkably effective, yet absolutely safe—for both children and adults. Easy to use.

At bedtime, massage throat and chest with Vicks VapoRub, the modern method of *treating* colds—externally. Through the skin it acts *direct* like a poultice or plaster, while its medicated vapors are inhaled *direct* to inflamed air-passages. This effective two-way medication brings soothing relief through the night—and without the risks of constant internal "dosing." Often by morning the worst of the cold is over.

These twin aids to fewer and shorter colds give you the basic medication of

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NAME _____

ADDRESS _____ E

Hollywood Day by Day

(*Continued from page 64*)

Upon finding Tom Thumb smoking a big black cigar, Carol Ann eyed him disapprovingly.

"You be sick," she warned. "You Daddy, he 'pank you, too!"

•

Incidentally, there's a big chimpanzee on the set that just won't stay put. The funny looking animal is continually getting away and shinnying up flats, props, and things.

And, strange as it may seem, Wally is the only one in the place who can get him to come down!

•

Back from his world tour and perfectly satisfied with the outcome of the World Series, Will Rogers has rolled up his sleeves and dived into his new picture, "The County Chairman."

"It was a great trip," he grins happily, "but it's nice to be back!"

•

With the rainy season almost upon us, Adolphe Menjou is frantically trying to get in enough golf to hold him through the Winter. Any time he can squeeze an hour off from the "Mighty Barnum" set, you'll find him out on his favorite golf course, swinging for dear life.

•

While most actors are glad to be out of the studio at the finish of a picture, Lionel Barrymore may be found any day of the week, etching, reading, or playing the piano in his bungalow on the M-G-M lot.

•

Jackie Cooper returned from his personal appearance tour with his right arm in a sling from signing autograph books! At every stop, the kids fairly mobbed their young hero, and Jackie, being that way, didn't stop until every book had been signed!

•

Breaking a record of long standing, Sam Goldwyn pleasantly surprised everyone by getting up and making a little speech at the studio preview of "We Live Again!"

And now that he's broken down and let us in on a sample of his oratorical ability, we'll bet the fellow will have a hard time getting out of after-dinner speaking in the future!

•

Jean Harlow's mother has gone to New York to buy some clothes for her busy young daughter.

After finishing her new picture, with Clark Gable, Jean will join her mother in the East, and, with the brand new wardrobe, they will go abroad to show Parisian designers just how it's done in Hollywood!

•

Eddie Cantor's manager is one of the most economical (to put it mildly) people outside of Scotland. And it gives Eddie ample opportunity for plain and fancy ribbing.

On the United Artists lot they were tearing down some old dressing-rooms, preparatory to putting up new and more elaborate ones.

Passing the spot, Eddie nudged a friend. "Listen," he said, "d'you know why they're going to all this trouble?" Stooging prettily, the friend said "No, why are they going to all this trouble?"

Pointing to his manager, Eddie cracked: "Well, he lost fifty cents last week, and he's kicked up such a fuss about it that they're trying to help him find it!"

There's a last word for everything . . . even infants. Pat O'Brien's brand new baby had just about everything that one so young could possibly handle. But, after the gift possibilities had all been exhausted, here came Barbara Stanwyck with a tiny white velvet chaise longue whereon the Infanta O'Brien might rest her weary bones of a long cold Christmas Eve!

•

Contrary to all expectations, Maureen O'Sullivan returned from her visit to the Ould Counthr-rr-ry sans wedding ring, sans husband, but with the persistent Johnny Farrow, still hopeful, bringing up the rear.

•

Coming home from school, the other afternoon, Wallace Ford's young daughter surprised the family by announcing that she was "in love"!

"Well, who, for goodness sake, are you in love with?" Mrs. Ford wanted to know.

Patty named the "man," a little playmate. "And, d'you know," she confided, "I think he loves me, too! Because I put my arms around him and he didn't move away!!"

•

Even sail boats are "going Hollywood" this season. Little as we know about the rigging on any of 'em, still we do hear as how a certain type of sail has been named the "Garbo," on account of it lends footage to the boat!

And because it balloons out in front, another jib-s'l rates the monicker "Mae West"! Such goings on!

•

With Carole Lombard and William Powell both working on the same lot, you-uns might be right in looking for a lot of complications.

But, Will-yum still finds time to lunch with the ex-little woman now and again. And, though it does sound like an old dish warmed over, Bill and Carole are really the "best of friends"!

•

When the boy friend, Paul Ames, comes home with a snappy new pair of socks, June Knight gets out her yarn and begins knitting a sweater to match.

But, by the time June has purled her way through to the bitter end, Paul's socks are usually worn down to a pair of spats, and there's nothing for him to do but get more socks, or file the sweaters away for future reference!

•

It gets 'em all, sooner or later. Stepin Fetchit attended a preview, the other night, wearing a pair of dark glasses that didn't fool anybody.

Furthermore, he kept them on all during the performance. Which was maybe carrying the effect too far? Or else, knowing Stepin as we do, maybe he was just "too-o-oo tiahed" to take 'em off.

•

And so, until next month, we'll wipe the dust we've kicked up off our chromium plating, get out of this suit before some producer signs us up and really puts us to work, hang our tie on the gas pipe and mingle with 'em once more on an equal footing.

Be seein' you!

Winners

to be announced this next month

Friendly **HELPFUL** *Service*

TOWER MAGAZINES HONOR ROLL

WATCH next month's magazine for the names of the Tower readers who wrote the best letters about helpful shopping experiences in Drug, Department and Grocery Stores and who will share in the $3,000 prize awards.

THE judges are studying your letters now to decide who deserves the 246 cash awards. It is no small task, as you can well imagine, to select from thousands the *best* out of so many letters. Each one received told a revealing story of service and helpful interest and of its importance in making the sale and building good will for the store. Your letters—the first ever received in a national campaign for friendly, helpful service—give a valuable picture of the shopping experiences of a great cross-section of women who buy for themselves, their families and homes.

THREE men who are outstanding in their respective fields are acting as judges: Ken R. Dyke, advertising manager of the Colgate-Palmolive-Peet Company; Karl Egge, publicity director, Bloomingdale's Department Store, New York; and Thomas L. Burch, advertising manager of the Borden Company.

Don't miss the February issue for this important announcement.

Tower Magazines, Inc.
55 Fifth Avenue
New York, N. Y.

For children's
CROUPY
COUGHS

So often serious trouble starts with a croupy cough or slight throat irritation. Don't delay, rub chest and throat with Children's Musterole—good old Musterole in milder form. Recommended by many doctors and nurses because it's a *"counter-irritant"*—NOT just a salve. Its soothing, warming, penetrating benefits seem to melt away congestion—bringing ease and relief, generally. Three kinds: Regular Strength, Children's (mild), and Extra Strong, 40¢ each. All druggists. Hear "Voice of Experience"—Columbia network. See your newspaper.

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Hands, velvety smooth, that excite flattering comment, are yours surprisingly easy, by using Chamberlain's Lotion. It quickly youthifies your hands, makes them white, lovely. Containing 13 different, imported oils, it revitalizes the skin, restores beauty. Clear liquid, not gummy, Chamberlain's Lotion is absorbed in 37 seconds without bothersome stickiness. Let your own hands prove what it can do. Two sizes—at all drug and department stores.

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Chamberlain's Lotion

Hollywood Entertains

(*Continued from page* 34)

so they are especially interested in the charming couple.

Elizabeth was discovered solemnly promising her husband to write him every day, but only on condition that he talk to her over the radio once a week.

POOR Johnny Mack Brown was almost entirely cut out of Mae West's picture, "Belle of the Nineties."

We met him at a party which Dorothy Tree gave.

"I'm going," said Johnny, "to have those parts that were cut out put together again, and show them to a few of my friends, just to let them see how moral I really was in the story!"

MR. AND MRS. JOE E. BROWN had made all preparations to hold a party in the moonlit patio, but the moon suddenly was darkened and the rain poured down.

It does seem as though Joe never will be really out of the circus. And now there was nothing to do but lug out the big top and a couple of little tents and set them up in the patio. For Joe E. thinks it's luck to have a circus tent stored away in the basement, you know, and it surely was that time.

A few guests had arrived when it commenced to rain, including John Barrymore and his wife. John got in and yo-heave-ho'd with Joe E., Edward G. Robinson, some other guests, and the help.

It was a good party, too, with a lot of Hollywood's elect there.

Romance wasn't at all dampened by the rain, especially in case of Jack Oakie and Mary Brian. Yes, that's on again.

Then there were Virginia Peine and George Raft. And you can smile at the dear old a-little-child-joins-their-hands stuff all you like, but I happen to know that it is partly George's devotion to little Joan, Virginia's daughter, that keeps them together. Whenever they quarrel, little Joan just grins at both, and they make up again.

AT the cocktail party which Nelson Eddy gave to celebrate the completion of his music studio, Irene Hervey arrived with Robert Taylor of Santa Monica, non-professional.

Cocktail parties just go on and on. Nobody seems able to stop them, and Nelson's continued until two o'clock in the morning, with people dropping in every few minutes.

The musical crowd included Jeanette MacDonald, Walter Woolf, and Grace Moore.

One whole wall of the studio is a mirror. That's a new wrinkle in Hollywood, and doesn't mean necessarily that the owner of the studio is vain. It is done simply in order that, while singing, the artist may watch his facial expression and carriage in the glass.

JOEY RAY and Mrs. Lew Fields have the same natal day, and so what could be sweeter than that they should celebrate together!

Which they did, the party being held at the Fields home.

Joey Ray brought Marian Marsh, to whom he is very much devoted these days.

Everybody had sent or brought flowers.

Maurice Chevalier and Pat Patterson were both there, and Pat, now a motion-picture widow, because her husband, Charles Boyer, had to leave Hollywood for France to make a picture, spent the time talking with Maurice about Charles, who is a great friend of the fascinating Chevalier.

DINNER in Chinatown! That sounds intriguing, and is, especially when Anna May Wong is the hostess.

She gave what may be one of the last in the exotic environment, since old Chinatown in Los Angeles is being torn down to make way for a new railway station, and the affair had an added significance.

The furniture of the restaurant is all strictly Chinese, and the favors were tiny packages of tea in which were folded up bits of paper telling the fortunes of the guests.

JACK OAKIE is something of a hero worshipper of Ernst Lubitsch. But he never had been invited to the director's home. He went to Lubitsch one day, inquiring why Lubitsch never invited "any of the younger Hollywood element" to his parties. Lubitsch said, "Why, I'd just love to have you and your friends."

Then he got busy and forgot all about the matter.

Then Oakie kidded him about it, and Lubitsch set the evening.

Jack gathered together his friends Mary Brian and Helen Mack, and, all dressed in kids' clothes and carrying with them various toys, proceeded to the Lubitsch mansion.

One of the toys was an electric train, which Jack insisted Lubitsch should learn to run.

With the aid of our New Method Circulars you can make up-to-date accessories for the youngest boys and girls

Ja355—Crib spread and pillow cover bound with colored checked gingham.
Ja356—Floor cushion made of glazed chintz with amusing appliqué.
Ja357—The new bathing apron made of a bath towel.
Ja358—Easily adjusted baby's beret knitted from soft wool.
Ja359—Washable towel cover for the tiny hot water bottle.
Ja360—Reversible crocheted afghan for crib or carriage.
Ja361—Thumbless mittens easily crocheted from soft wool.
Ja362—Baby's feeding bib, with bunny design.
Ja363—Knitted sacque with convenient front opening.
Ja364—Flannel carriage boots worn over shoes or stockings.

Write to Miss Frances Cowles, care of New Movie Magazine, 55 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y., enclosing 4 cents for one circular, 10 cents for 3 circulars, or 15 cents for all ten. Be sure to indicate which circulars you want by the numbers given in the accompanying descriptions.



NOW—Relief From Ugly Skin Blemishes, "Nerves" and Constipation

with Yeast in This Pleasant, Modern Form

DO UGLY pimples and other skin blemishes embarrass you? Does constipation drag you down, rob you of strength and vivacity? Do you often feel nervous, fidgety and irritable?

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Grand Opera on the Screen

(*Continued from page 33*)

"After all, opera is about the only form of dramatic art which hasn't been successfully put on the screen; you always liked pioneering, so why don't we tackle it?"

"I will give you a few reasons why we don't, my good woman," I declaimed. "In the first place grand opera is the most 'distant' form of drama since the Greek tragedies; even the actors' make-up today made me think of the Greek tragic mask. Like the Athenian drama, opera was made to be played a mile away from the audience and it has the same music, chorus, and slower-than-life tempo of Sophocles—"

"Just the same," said Clara.

"Just a minute," said I. "You know that the screen is just the opposite; the actor's face is enlarged until it is almost close enough to touch; the slightest change of mood, the flicker of an eyelash can be an important dramatic gesture, while in opera facial expression must be violent to be seen at all; the actor must use his whole body in exaggeration."

"And he usually has plenty of body," said Clara. "I see what you mean. Grand opera is the stage seen through a telescope while the screen is the stage seen through a microscope."

"Exactly," I agreed. "So how on earth can you work out a combination of those two opposite poles of dramatic craft?"

She pondered this.

"Too bad that opera singers have to be chosen for their voices," she said. "They have to work too hard to diet and you have to be as strong as a horse to sing opera anyhow."

"That's just the trouble," I put in. "A two-hundred-and-twenty-pound Parsifal may have a certain dignity when he's wearing the sweeping robes of the third act, but in the first act, as a stripling, with bare arms and legs and a little jerkin over his tummy I've always found him rather a melancholy spectacle."

"I know," she murmured sadly, "a hundred-and-ninety-pound Nedda wanting to fly away with the birds of the air, or a two hundred pound Carmen shaking layers of fat in Spanish rhythms to fascinate a fairly spherical Don Jose doesn't seem to give quite the dramatic touch which the music calls for."

"So you see, my dear," I concluded triumphantly, "that unless we can find enough really great singers of facial beauty, bodily attractiveness and fine acting ability —and I mean screen acting, not opera acting—we are, as you might say, stumped."

WE were passing the Hippodrome just as its audience was coming out. They had seen the same two works as we had but had paid a smaller admission. They had the air of people who had enjoyed the evening.

"There's the answer," said Clara, indicating the crowd. "With all its faults they love it still; and think of the millions of people in this country who are learning to love operatic music as brought to them by radio or phonograph, yet who never have had and probably never will have the chance to see a good performance of a whole opera!"

"Yes," I added, "and plenty of those who have seen a whole opera haven't the balmiest idea of what it's all about. They see a tenor sing for fifteen minutes at a soprano and guess that he's telling her he loves her, or else telling her he doesn't; and in either case they don't understand the scene moment by moment, as it progresses."

"That's why I'm so crazy to put opera on the screen," she exclaimed. "I'm tired of seeing it merely a luxury of the rich. We could open this art to millions who'd never know it otherwise; we could make it possible for children to be educated to a real appreciation of it in school; it would work just the way classical music has on the radio.

"JUST the same," I objected, "merely photographing regular opera won't do the trick. The screen public is trained to expect beauty for the eye as well as some sense of reality in acting and scenery. Those who are used to what happens in the opera house take it as a tradition and put up with it; but if we're going to reach for a new audience we've got to do something to prevent all dramatic values being entirely sacrificed to musical necessities."

"Well, that's *your* business," said Clara gently.

"Oh, it is, is it? Then just how do you suggest I go about it? The human face, when singing, is not a particularly beautiful object, even softened by the vast distances of the opera-house; magnified to the heroic proportions of the screen it becomes a convulsion of nature."

"Be that as it may," she said, "we both know opera and we both know pictures, and if we can't find a way to mix 'em up, it's just too bad."

"We can mix 'em up all right," I muttered as we reached our dwelling, "but the result may get us deported or impeached or something."

That night I began to wonder.

I wondered why, for some strange reason, the staging of grand opera, at least in America, seems to be the only one of the dramatic arts in which little or no progress has been made in the last sixty or seventy years; that once singers have learned their roles, it is considered unnecessary to have them rehearse together before a performance. As it was done in Milan in 1875 so it will be done in New York in 1934; every move, every gesture, some so lost in the haze of antiquity that the director is unable to tell the actor their meaning; in fact some of the older operas are so embalmed in tradition that they have about as much vitality as a canary preserved in alcohol.

I remembered a performance of "The Drunkard" we had seen recently.

This old play, presented in the same manner as it was in 1843, preserving all the theatrical traditions of that period was received with whoops of joy by a 1934 audience. The old-fashioned methods of stage-craft brought bursts of laughter, the artificiality of the acting shouts of glee. This venerable old work, which was considered good legitimate theater in the middle of the last century, bur-



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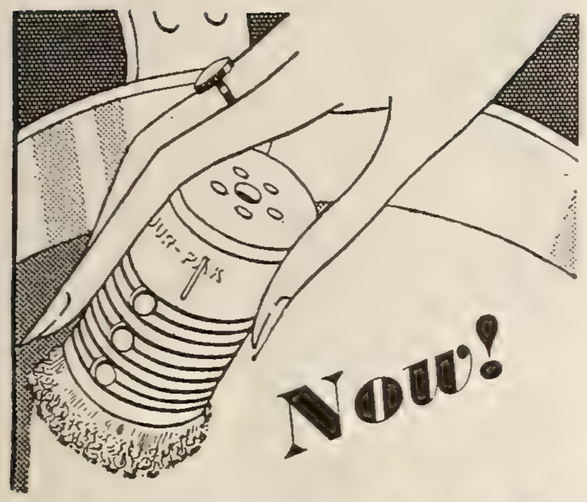
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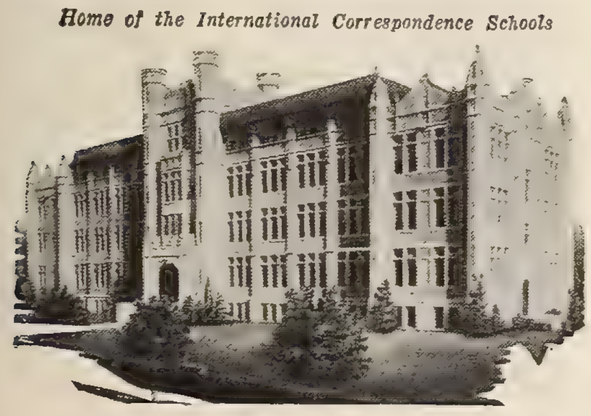
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Grand Opera on the Screen

lesqued itself when judged by modern taste in drama. Yet the purveyors of grand opera expect us to sit in reverent awe, see an equally antiquated work performed in early Victorian style, and accept it as seriously as did our grandparents.

Very few arts can live on an antiquarian value alone, and any art involving drama *must* reflect to some degree the point of view and dramatic customs of its current audience.

I fell into troubled sleep.

At lunch time, next day, Clara came bursting in with the news that she had taken her idea to the genial president of ERPI (Electrical Research Products Incorporated—to you) and that he was most interested; that ERPI was just perfecting its wide-range process which would be a big step forward in musical recording and reproduction and that a modern method of showing grand opera on the screen would be the best possible way of demonstrating their new improvements.

"So you see," she wound up, "we're practically committed to it; the only thing I'm not sure of is just how to do it."

"At least," said I, "if we knew how to do it it would have been done before."

"Gods! What wisdom!" she said, looking very Egyptian. When she looks like that I never know whether she is admiring or kidding me, and up to now I have been far too wise to find out.

It is unnecessary to go into the long conferences which followed. The idea was discussed from every point of view: technical, pictorial, educational and theatrical. It was decided that we make an experimental reel just to demonstrate what could be done in the new field and "Pagliacci" was chosen as subject matter.

CLARA and I secluded ourselves in a little house in California where we could look over the Pacific, dream dreams, and hear no external sounds but the soothing murmur of the distant surf. We had the opera with us, in the form of phonograph records, and with these we worked, timing the movement of every scene to the music; plotting every cut in the film on the musical score.

To make a new, singable translation of the libretto we were fortunate enough to enlist the services of our friend John Erskine, who has been so successful as a novelist that the general public has forgotten his earlier reputation as a poet.

As to the method involved we had decided to take the bull by the horns; to preserve the music inviolate but to abandon completely all the tradition of the opera-house.

"It's this way," Clara said one day. "Even if singers can act, they can't really put over drama while they're singing."

"Right," I agreed. "Singing is a full-time job and if a singer gets really emotional it goes to his throat and his singing goes to pot."

"Then what are we going to do?"

"Listen, child, and I will unfold the only way I think we can lick the problem."

"Proceed, O sage."

"Our problem has been to find a cast that can look and act like John Barrymore and at the same time sing like Caruso. This we have agreed cannot be done. But what if we had Caruso sing the role and then had Barrymore play it?"

"Great," she said, "but what about the lips—what'll Jack be doing with his mouth while Enrico is singing a three-bar note."

"His mouth will be in *statu quo*," I remarked. "That's the whole point. We won't pretend that Jack is singing; he'll be acting, expressing bar by bar what the other is singing but won't make the faces a singer has to make. Of course the actor's gesture, even his lips must keep time with the music; but he'll be free to *act*. We can come close to him and his face won't look like the Holland Tunnel surrounded by eyes and ears; he'll have freedom of movement and, best of all, we won't have to look at him all the time; we can cut to the gal who's listening and make a beautiful close-up carry the singer's difficult moments."

"And we can put real movement into it," Clara said. "We can give it all the flow of the silent picture."

"Sure! And I'll bet that if we do our job properly the audience will get more illusion of reality and certainly more beauty than they ever got in the opera house."

FOR several months we worked making a silent picture of Pagliacci, which would fit the music, not only scene by scene, but bar by bar. There could be no guess-work here. The director had to visualize and time his scene before he ever went near the stage; for recording purposes he had to prepare a chart giving the sound engineers the exact distance of the actor from the camera at each moment so that the tone perspective of the voice would agree with the visual perspective of the scene.

For the music had to be made first and, once made, could not be changed.

Back in New York, the script completed, we set about recording the music of the experimental reel. We had chosen the final scene of the first act, the famous *"Vesti la Giubba,"* to test our method in a long solo, and the opening scene of the second act as an example of ensemble work.

Under the magic baton of Alexander Smallens the music came to life and was safely recorded on film and wax.

It was with curious emotions that I faced my cast of four principals and a chorus of sixty and explained to them what we were going to do. They were to enact silently the voices which they would hear as they acted. They were not singers but actors; the singers would forever remain unseen by the audience, the actors remain unheard. We are welding the craft of the silent motion pictures to that of grand opera through the medium of recorded sound.

Is the experiment a success?

It is not for us to say. The little reel has gone to the public as an emissary of bigger things to come. At least it demonstrates one thing: if the public wants grand opera at movie prices in their home towns, they can have it.

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Of THE NEW MOVIE MAGAZINE, published Monthly at Chicago, Illinois, for October 1, 1934.

State of New York } ss.
County of New York }

Before me, a Notary in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared J. E. Flynn, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the Business Manager of THE NEW MOVIE MAGAZINE and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily paper, the circulation), etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in section 411, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are: Publisher, Tower Magazines, Inc., 55 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.; Managing Editor, Frank J. McNelis, 55 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.; Business Manager, J. E. Flynn, 55 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.

2. That the owner is: (If owned by a corporation, its name and address must be stated and also immediately thereunder the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding one per cent or more of total amount of stock. If not owned by a corporation, the names and addresses of the individual owners must be given. If owned by a firm, company, or other unincorporated concern, its name and address, as well as those of each individual member, must be given.) Tower Magazines, Inc., 55 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.; Catherine McNelis, 55 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.; Marie L. Featherstone, 55 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.

3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: (If there are none, so state.) None.

4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by him.

J. E. FLYNN,
Business Manager.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 1st day of October, 1934.

(SEAL) LAURETTA E. GANLY.
(My commission expires March 30, 1935.)

What to Expect in the New Films

(*Continued from page* 38)

invested it in a broken down livery stable where he plans to exhibit his collection of freaks. Boy, is she mad!!

"Give me that money!" she yells. "I could have gone home on that."

Wally attempts to pat her shoulder. "Why, honey," he says, "you wouldn't go away and leave me. . . ."

"Oh, wouldn't I?" Janet turns and advances on him menacingly. Wally backs up fast. An open trunk catches him, just behind the knees and he collapses into it, comically.

After looking over the real Barnum and Bailey circus, that came to Hollywood late this Summer, Bess Meredyth and Gene Fowler got together and turned out this story of good old Barnum, which is supposed to be more or less authentic.

Adolphe Menjou does right smart with the role of "Bailey," Barnum's pal and eventual partner in freak collecting.

Virginia Bruce plays "Jenny Lind," the sweet singer, for love of whom poor Wally is fit to be tied.

It's a great exposé of life under the Big Top, and Wally reiterates the colossal crack made by the mighty Barnum as he counted the day's receipts:

"There's one born every minute!"

ROMANCE IN MANHATTAN
•
RKO

Manhattan is certainly taking it on the chin these days. But then, what did Manhattan ever do for me that I should care?

Francis Lederer plays the part of a young immigrant, who, after saving exactly enough money to enter the United States, finds, upon arriving at Ellis Island, that the ante has been raised to four times as much as he is nursing in his continental high pockets.

It's been a long trip, and, figuring that the ride back won't be any shorter, Lederer does a swan dive off the port side and moves in on Manhattan without benefit of registration.

He falls in love with Ginger Rogers, a chorus girl who is between jobs. Her kid brother, Jimmy Butler, is selling newspapers to keep the home fires burning, but, because they think that even sisterly chorines are no good influence on a growing boy, the juvenile authorities have just decreed that Jimmy must give up his paper route and hie himself to a boy's school.

And, right here we walked on the set.

For nearly three minutes, the stage was Jimmy's.

By the time the scene was finished, Jimmy's cheeks were wet with real tears, and we were bawling like an orphaned calf! But then . . . Ginger had to dash over to have her mascara touched up and Director Stephen Roberts was blowing his nose significantly, so . . . I guess we're not the only cream-puff in the business.

So you won't worry about it, we'd better tell you that Francis eventually established his right to bring home the bacon in America, marries the girl, and saves Jimmy from the Juvenile Home.

Don Hartman furnished the idea and Norman Krasna made a story out of it.

THE LITTLE MINISTER
•
RKO

RKO is a swell studio and pretty wonderful in lots of ways. BUT, when Katharine Hepburn sets her foot down and says: "I'll have no reporters looking on while I'm working!", even though she doesn't say "Positively!" . . . well, Papa RKO just digs his toe in the dust and says: "Yes, ma'am!"

So, in the absence of that "personal" touch, we hope you won't mind contenting yourselves with a brief resumé of James M. Barrie's classic story about the young parson who strove to make religious order out of the chaos of a small Scottish town, nearly a hundred years ago.

John Beal, who plays the parson, is so good in his line that it isn't any time at all until everybody in town, including Alan Hale, the local sot, is trekking up the "straight and narrow" . . .

To escape the boredom of wealth and the gloom of her papa's castle, Hepburn rigs herself out like a gypsy and flutters through the woods, listening to the birdies and bees-ies . . .

Of course, Beal meets up with her, while communing with brooks and stones, and, in spite of the fact that he loves the apparently wanton lady, tries to reform her.

Discovering the romantic interlude in the life of their idol, and not recognizing Heppy, the congregation loses faith and starts to backslide like everything.

Hale falls off the wagon, and, blaming our Katie for the weak link in an otherwise strong chain, tries to kill the gal for shattering his religious illusions.

There is an industrial strike and lots of excitement, but, by the time the last foot of fillum has run through the sprocket, the strike is broken, Hale climbs back on the wagon, and John takes his gypsy woman into his strong arms . . . for keeps.

Director Richard Wallace has the enviable honor of putting Hepburn through her paces.

BORDERTOWN
•
WARNERS

There was an atmosphere of tense expectancy about the set. Paul Muni took Bette Davis roughly by the arm and yanked her unceremoniously into an office marked: "Private." Shutting the door, he walked menacingly toward her.

"I told you to stay away from me!" he speaks angrily. "What do you mean by disturbing me when I'm talking to a lady?"

(*Please turn to page* 72)

Of one thing I'm really sure F-O polish means allure



F-O polish...a real joy for every girl... in five becoming shades that apply evenly and have lasting luster.

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PERTUSSIN

helps nature cure your cough

What to Expect in the New Films

(*Continued from page* 71)

"'Lady', huh?" Bette sneers. "Don't get ritzy, Johnny. I picked you out of the gutter and made you what you are!" She faces him defiantly. "I love you . . . and I won't stay away from you! I killed my husband to get you, and I'll . . . !"

"You'll stay away from me, you little so-and-so . . . or you'll meet the same fate as that husband of yours . . .!"

Director Archie Mayo calls: "Cut!" Muni's face relaxes in a smile. Bette grins back at him. And that's that.

Dissatisfied with life as a day laborer, Muni goes to night school and grabs himself a law diploma. Up against a smart lawyer, he loses his first case to the defense and his heart to the defendant, Margaret Lindsay.

Across the border, Muni pulls himself by his boot straps to a position of power and wealth as owner of a smart resort.

To get him for herself, Bette Davis leaves her drunken husband. But, after the gruesome deed is done, Paul turns her down cold and continues to pursue Miss Lindsay.

Repulsing his honest advances, Margaret leaps from his car and is killed by a passing motorist.

Seeing the folly of his greed for wealth and position, Paul returns to find happiness and peace among his own people.

JEALOUSY
•
COLUMBIA

Here's a "different" story, all about what goes through a prizefighter's mind from the time he takes it on the button right up to the "nine" count.

George Murphy, our leather-pushing hero, is almost late for his own knock-out because he's had a private fight with his girl friend, Nancy Carroll, because she won't duck working overtime with her handsome boss, Don Cook, in order to watch him fight.

Right in the middle of the fisticuffs, Murphy looks over the ropes, and what do you think? There sit Nancy and Don . . . just as plain! For a minute, George sees red. Then he sees stars. Because while he's leering at Don, the other scrapper drags a haymaker up from his ankle, planting it where it'll do the most good.

Waking up in his dressing-room, George knocks Don loose from his bridgework, marries the girl, and they almost live happily ever after. Nancy carries on with her job because their funds are practically non-existant.

Finding his wife with Cook, after hours again, George shoots him and is sentenced to the chair. As a last request, he asks that, for old times sake, the chaplain count ten over him as the current is turned on. . . .

— five — six — seven — eight — nine. . . .

And Murphy finds himself back in the ring . . . saved by the bell at the count of nine!

It's a novel idea, so don't blame the author, Argyle Campbell, too much if George gets up and knocks the champ cold in the next round.

IT'S A GIFT
•
PARAMOUNT

W. C. Fields is up to his old tricks (and a lot of new ones!) in this swell tale, by J. P. McEvoy and Charles Bogle.

The story is a simple one about the crazy adventures of a Hoboken family on a cross-country trek to sunny Californ-i-ay, but, the dialogue is something that ought to keep you gurgling for a long time. That's if you're a Fields fan. We are.

When W.C.'s Uncle Bean died, Fields is all for taking his inheritance and moving out West "where men are men until they meet West!"

His wife, Kathleen Howard, won't hear of such a notion.

Jean Rouverol, their young daughter, sides with her mother because she doesn't want to break up a nice romance with Julian Madison. But, Tommy Bupp, youngest of the family (and a rascal if there ever was one!), thinks it's a great idea.

Eventually, they set off, with young Tommy getting in everyone's way, the missus driving from the back seat, and Jean weeping silently all the way across the country.

On the set, Fields had everybody, including Director Norman McLeod, in hysterics over his crazy ad libbing!

MAN WHO RECLAIMED HIS HEAD
•
UNIVERSAL

Claude Rains fills in the white outline he made in "The Invisible Man" and gives the public a generous sample of what he can do "in the flesh."

Stooging for Lionel Atwill, a famous publisher, Rains writes pacifist articles while Atwill collects the glory.

Then comes the War, and while Atwill crawfishes on his pacifist standard, Rains shoulders a blunderbuss and courts cooties and pneumonia in the Allied trenches.

Safe at home, Lionel keeps the kettle boiling by making up to Claude's wife, Joan Bennett, trading on her passion for pretty clothes and rich surroundings until she takes her little daughter and moves in with the bounder.

Bitter and disillusioned, Rains returns from the war, calls on his betrayer and, while wifey looks on, draws his bayonet and follows through slicing just a notch above Mister Atwill's Adam's apple!

Taking the head, he puts it into a valise and goes to call on the family lawyer. Imagine his surprise when the family lawyer slaps him on the back and wonders why somebody hadn't thought of it before?

It seems that Atwill has been in the dog house for a long time, with the entire French republic just waiting for someone to up-and-at him!

Joan walks in with Baby Jane, asking timidly to be forgiven; and, with the prospect of exoneration in the offing, Claude takes her in his arms and all is well.

CONCEALMENT
•
WARNERS

Edward Ludwig directs this slightly hair-raising play, by Jean Bart and Sam Ornitz.

Leonard Ide's play about political entanglements took on all the aspects of a first class mystery when we came to this part of the plot:

"Barbara Stanwyck has secretly married Warren William, Attorney General, when an investigator in William's office informs his boss that the secretary of a big financier, who had been convicted of embezzlement and pardoned by the governor (Barbara's father), had deposited $10,000 to the Governor's account."

It seems that this looks pretty bad for the Governor, especially when Warren goes through the dead man's private papers and finds a note, presumably from our worthy statesman, soliciting a bribe.

Before you can get your head out of water on the first batch of dirty work, the investigator is mysteriously murdered and, to keep his girl friend, Glenda Farrell, from taking the rap for it, Stanwyck goes on the stand, admits that she's married to Warren and tells enough to clear the girl.

After a lot of complications, the guilty party is finally brought to justice and Barbara and Warren settle down to live happily ever after.

And we'll just bet Director William Dieterle enjoyed a good night's sleep after untangling this one!



From Hop Lee's Gab Bag

Anyway you look at it—those millionaire film producers can thank their lucky stars!

FUGITIVE LADY
•
COLUMBIA

After her bad luck in being hospitalled out of the cast of "The Captain Hates The Sea," Florence Rice finally comes into her own as leading (fugitive) lady in this Columbia story by Albert De Mond.

Caught (innocently enough, too) in a stolen car, Florence is packed off to San Quentin in charge of a police matron. When the train, on which they are riding, is wrecked, the policewoman is killed, and Florence, with another woman's letter in her hand, is packed off to the parents of a man to whom the letter says she is married.

Neil Hamilton comes home, expecting to have it out with the wily adventuress who has trapped him into matrimony, and when he sees Florence . . . well, it's a pleasant surprise all around.

The kids fall in love and, not wanting to disillusion the old folks, plan to slip away and be secretly married. But, the crooked brother of the dead adventuress shows up just in time to complicate matters. that is, until Director William Nigh calls in the police force and shows the scoundrel up.

THE PRESIDENT VANISHES
•
WALTER WANGER PRODUCTIONS

Walter Wanger presents this as the first of his productions. The idea is a daring pioneer venture.

Arthur Byron, as President of the United States, is beloved of his people because he has brought prosperity to them and kept them sanely out of war.

By propaganda and subsidized press, a group of war profiteers flood the nation with such slogans as "Collect the War Debts by Force," "Save America's Honor," etc., until the gullible people turn against their peace President and demand war!

Suddenly . . . just two hours before he is scheduled to address Congress . . . word is flashed around the world that the President of the United States has been kidnaped!

Startled out of their frenzy, the people turn their cries of "We Want War!" to a howl of "We Want Our President!"

Rioting breaks out. The profiteers frenziedly try to thwart the people by declaring the President "officially dead" so they can place the Vice President (who is their tool) in the White House.

While Edward Arnold, the Secretary of War, works day and night investigating the abduction, Paul Kelly, young secret service agent, follows a long-shot hunch and catches up with our President in the hide-out of a pro-war fanatic, who is just about to murder him, as Paul appears and shoots first.

With the return of their leader, the people about face and rally round their Chief as, over the radio, he pleads for preparedness for war, only if America is attacked.

The story, while problematical, is quite pertinent and ought to give us something to think about.



OVENSERVE *dishes make a big hit as Christmas gifts*

OVENSERVE dishes are the gay, attractive Table dishes you can use for oven baking!

There are meat platters, for instance, on which you can bake meat loaf or fish, and pop right from oven to table. The shirred egg dishes are another suggestion. Look at the cute one-handled French casseroles too, the round baking dishes, bean pots and all the other pieces. Every single OvenServe dish stands full oven heat, even to the cups, saucers and plates.

They dress up a table. Yet you can safely bake in them. Lift them out with a damp cloth, if you like. Set them hot, on a cold wet surface . . . they won't crack.

Save on the dishwashing, too, because no pots and pans are needed. And the dishes themselves have a fine high glaze that nothing sticks to—easy to wash.

Nice for the refrigerator, also. They don't mind cold any more than heat.

Cost a lot? No, indeed. They're economical gifts, the kind a woman can use every day of the year. And every time she does she'll call down blessings on your devoted head for giving her something that's so useful and so attractive.

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MRS. BYRD WARWICK DAVENPORT, *New York*
MRS. HENRY FIELD, *Chicago*
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MRS. JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL, *New York*
MRS. POTTER D'ORSAY PALMER, *Chicago*
MISS MIMI RICHARDSON, *New York*
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Another Camel enthusiast is Mrs. Allston Boyer

In the gay young group that dictates what's "done" in New York, Mrs. Boyer plays a charming part. What to wear, where to dance, what to see, how to entertain, what people prefer to eat, to smoke—she knows all the answers. That is why you find Camels in her house and in her slim cigarette case.

"There seems to be more going on this winter than ever," she says. "Lunches, teas, parties, dances—everyone is gay and almost everyone is smoking Camels. They certainly add to your enjoyment with their mild, rich flavor and I notice that if I'm tired a Camel freshens me up. Lots of people have told me the same thing. I can smoke all I want, too, and they never upset my nerves."

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